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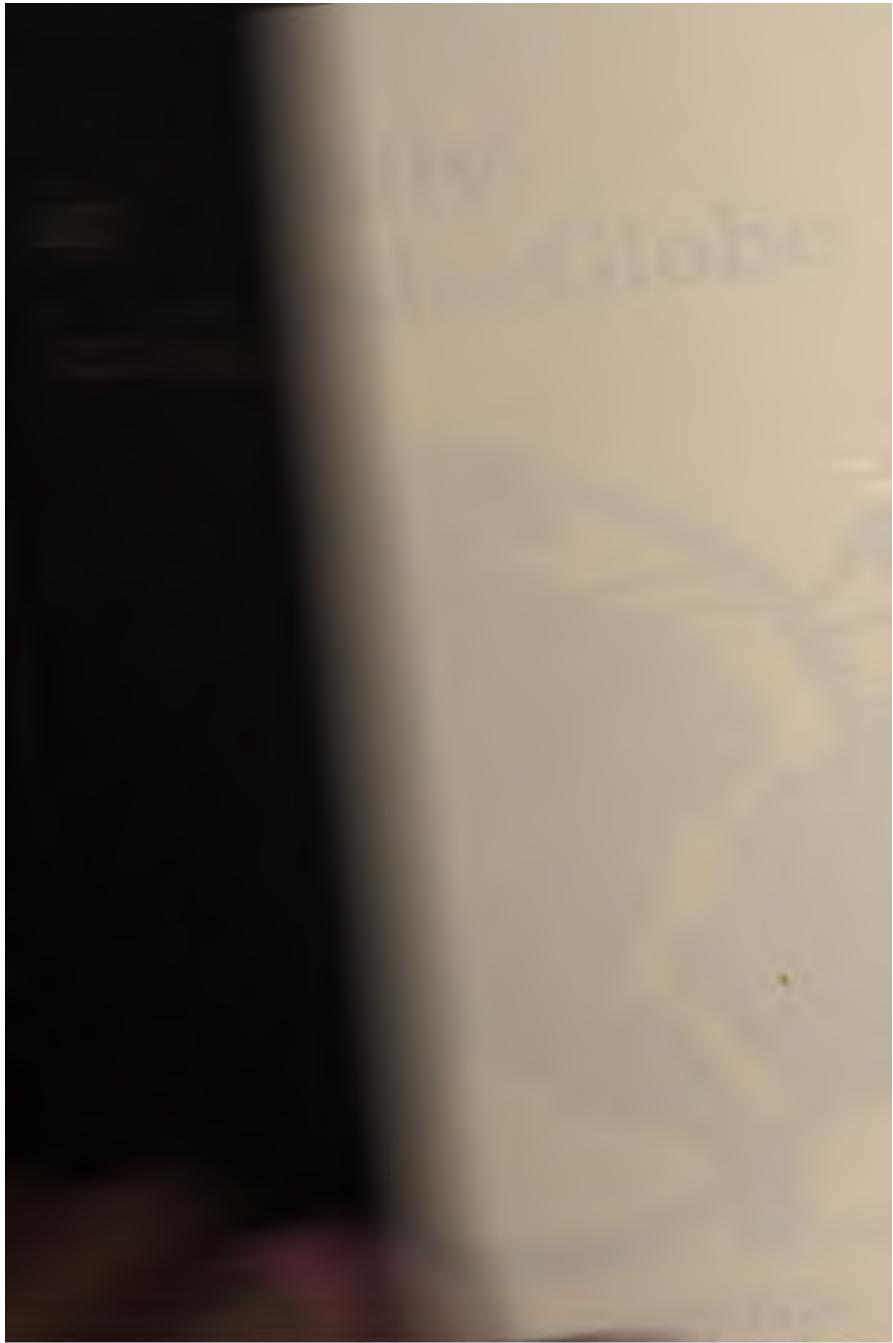
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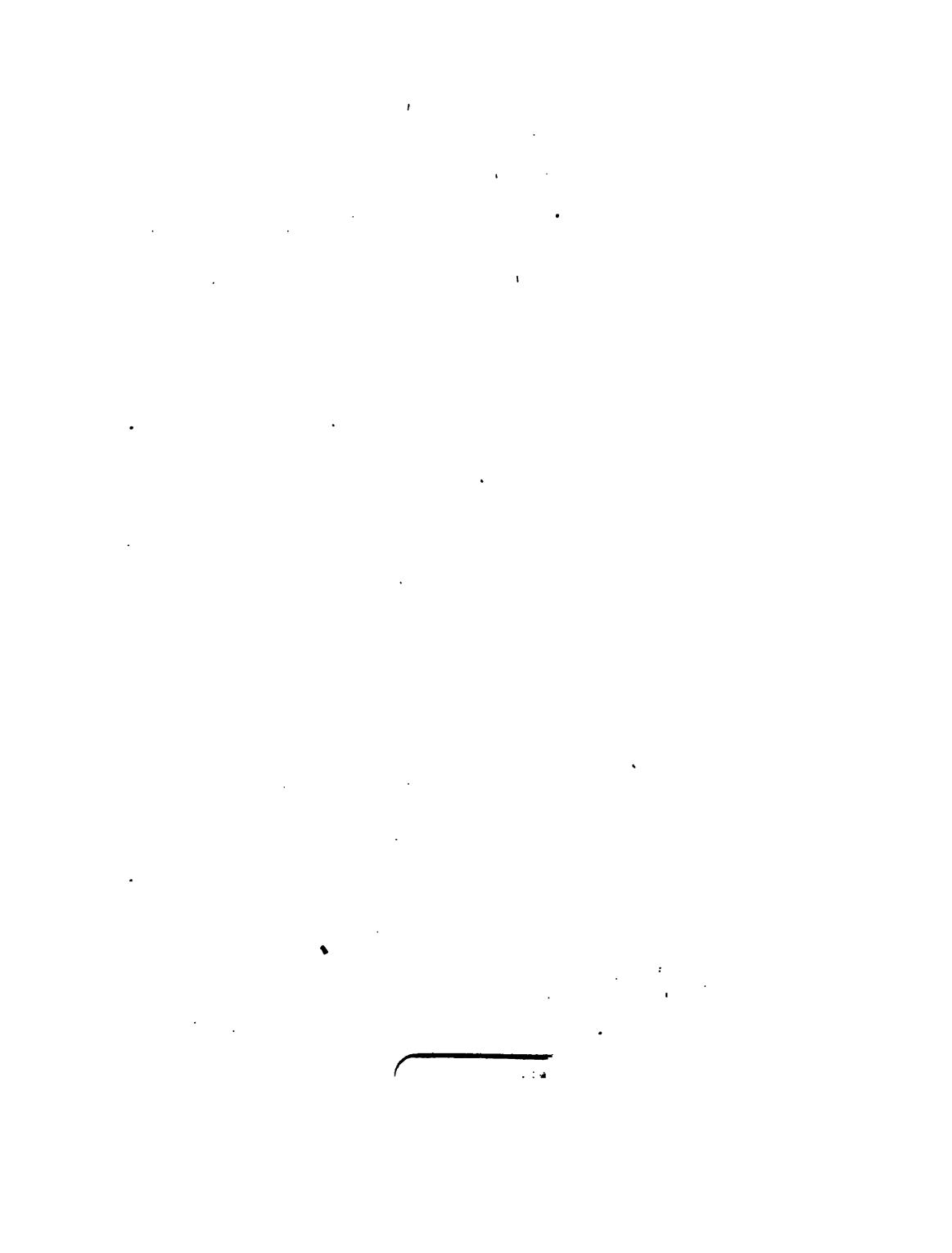
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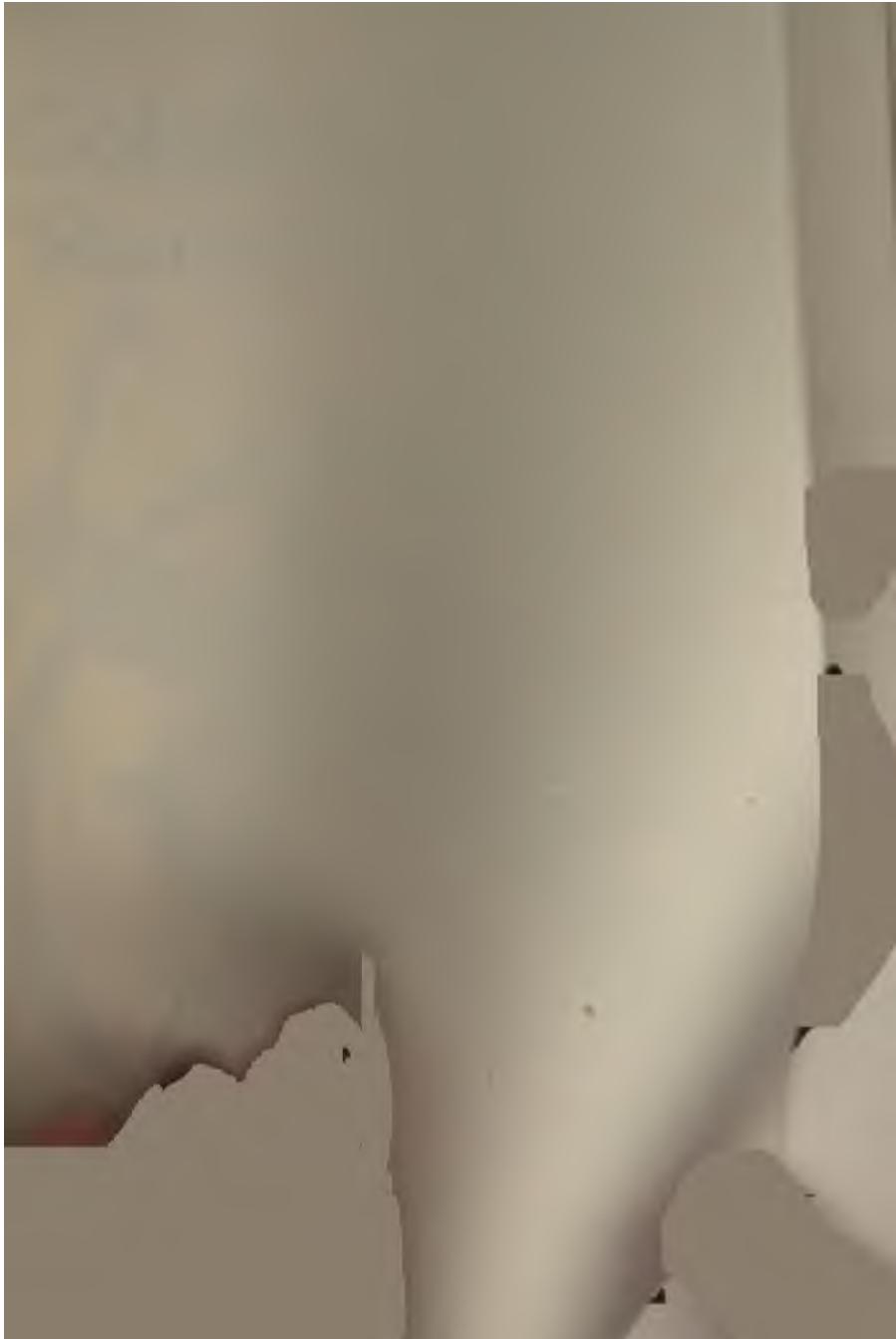
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Golightly
'Round *the* Globe

G. L. MORRILL







Golightly 'Round *the* Globe



G. L. MORRILL

GOLIGHTLY 'ROUND THE GLOBE

BY

"GOLIGHTLY"

G. L. MORRILL

Pastor of

People's Church, Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.

Sketches and Photos by
LOWELL L. MORRILL

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G. L. MORRILL

A TIP TO THE READER.

"Golightly 'Round the Globe" is a racy account of some globe-trotters from start to finish. If you are looking for geography, history and guide-book information, you are on the wrong track. Go to the book-stalls for it.



AUTHOR OF
“TRACKS OF A TENDERFOOT”
“PARSON’S PILGRIMAGE”
“A MUSICAL MINISTER”
“DRIFTWOOD”
“MUSINGS”
“THE MORALIST”
“PEOPLE’S PULPIT”
“FIRESIDE FANCIES”
“EASTER ECHOES”
“UPPER-CUTS”



Dedicated to my wife, Ada B. Morrill, my best traveling companion, in spite of the proverb that to take your wife to the Orient is like carrying a sandwich to a banquet.

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Golightly 'Round the Globe

WESTWARD

Tired of sad funerals and mad weddings; sick of bad men and fad women; surfeited with sermons and speeches, I wanted to get off the earth into the middle of the sea. One January morning found me at the depot with muffs on my ears and bags in my hand ready to put a girdle round the globe, and do it in four months instead of Puck's "forty minutes."

Bunyan's Pilgrim met the tight-wad, Mr. Money-Love, but at Kansas City I fell in with "Col." Goodrich, who, when he learned of the tour I was making, said: "Here's a hundred I forgot to send you last Christmas. See the canyon for me." It was an oasis in the desert—and through the two ciphers of his gift I was able to see the biggest and brightest of God's masterpieces on the easel of nature, the Grand Canyon of the Arizona. What a chasm of color—it was like riding through a rainbow. My mount was a big "Teddy" mule, who had carried my friend T. R. some time before. When we started down the steep, icy trail his hind feet slipped and he gave my body and soul an awful jolt; later he gazed over the cliff and into space as if wondering whether he had not better throw me off and make for the log stable

miles distant, where he was to get his noonday feed. On we went to the Colorado river, where all lunched. Here is room where the Creator could judge the Universe. Poet and painter cannot describe its glory—only the advertising agent can do it justice.

That was a marvelous impression of mystery and might, and I was foolish enough to miss a supper for a sunset in what our train-porter called the "Titan of schasms."

Westward Ho, over hill and plain whose century-sleep is broken by the roar of the train, we rushed on to California where sun, sand and flowers are gold.

A PRIZE FIGHT

We stopped over at Los Angeles, where I was entertained by my actor friend, Dick Ferris. He and aviator Beachey were going to a prize fight, and since I was a minister they asked me to go along. If St. Paul attended the Marathon races and fights and used the contests for Christian symbolism, surely a Minneapolis preacher might follow his example. So I jumped into an auto, Dick drove like Jehu, which made Beachey say his spirals were tame compared with Dick's curves, and reached the arena.

Here I found a big, good-natured crowd. The sun and fresh air came in through the open roof, and we had a ringside seat. Soon the referee, fighters and their attendants came in.

From what I had heard of prize-fighting I imagined it to be the bloodiest and most brutal sport of all, but it

was a calisthenic exercise in a Y. M. C. A. hall compared to Spanish bull fights, where I had seen bulls and horses killed and matadors have narrow escapes; and to our own gridiron football games, where the object was to kill the player instead of kicking the ball.

The fistic affair was brawny, brainy and not brutal, and as I looked on I wished every minister could do the same in self-defense, during the week if necessary, and on Sunday in the pulpit give the Devil an uppercut and knockout blow.

'FRISCO

From the city of "Angels," through a Paradise of fruit and flowers, between hill and sea, we came to San Francisco, the Paradise Lost to much its patron saint had taught it.

But we admired the enterprise of the city which had risen Phoenix-like from its ashes, saw the beauty spots by day, and were officially conducted to plague-spots by night, which the city fathers not only permit but seem to be proud of.

Next day after these unsightly "sights," and anxious to see some art, we asked a policeman to direct us to a gallery. He threw up his hands and with a curious smile said: "You've got me; nobody ever asked me that question before." Then we tried a drug store, where they sold paint, and the clerk said the galleries were destroyed except at the Golden Gate, but if we went to Gumps he would show us some nice pictures and fine curios from China and Japan.

So we three chumps went to Gumps. An affable little

man showed us around, and when he found I knew Mr. Walker and Bradstreet of Minneapolis he had visions of selling me jades, vases and other rare junk for my art gallery and asked for my autograph. While writing I said I had a letter from Bradstreet, whereat Mr. Gump himself appeared on the scene and said: "Bradstreet's rating is not necessary; we will take you at your own." You see there are Bradstreets and Bradstreets. So we all laughed at the mistake, and he proved himself to be a good fellow by inviting us to his Chinese room, where he seated us at a table and showed us the wonderful glazed Apple Vase. It was the apple of my eye. I wonder that China ever let it go.

THE START

What a difference between the primitive dug-out, raft or sailing vessel, such as Columbus or Magellan had, and the Hamburg-American steamship "Cleveland," which tugged at her ropes by the dock impatient to repeat her twice round trips from Golden Gate to Hell Gate.

Dr. Johnson felt "being in a ship was being in jail, with a chance of being drowned," but he never saw the "Cleveland," staunch and steady, ready to dare the deep and wrestle wind and wave.

She had on a new traveling coat of fresh paint, was decorated with flags and pennants of all nations, and five hundred and fifty admirers were leaving their happy homes to journey with her around the world.

She was to be our home, with no place like it, and so attractive that when we left it on a foreign shore we were

glad to get back to it. It was a place to eat, drink and sleep, to read and rest, to listen to music and lectures, to dress and dance, to promenade and flirt, make friends and enemies, just as if we were in a city flat or big hotel.

We knew the steamer, for we had often seen its picture, and were just as sure of the number of our state room, but to locate it in a boat two blocks long, sixty-five feet wide and nine stories high was about as easy as to find a needle in a haystack. However, a willing steward piloted the way, another fished out our trunks and put them under our bunks, after which we made a center-rush for the head steward to get sittings at the table, to the bath steward for salt water plunge, and to the deck steward for a good spot for our steamer chair. This seems very simple, but when half a thousand people are doing the same thing at once and each wants the best the result is a confusion of tongues, a loss of temper and some words that don't look good in English or German print.

At last we came up on the deck, crowded with passengers and their friends, who between "Good bye" and "God bless you" were offering candy and fruit, with seasick remedies, for fear their gifts would be thrown overboard. But now the loud whistle drowns the soft words of love, the call "all visitors ashore" separates hands and lips, the gang plank is lifted, the cables thrown off, the screws turn and we begin to bore our way into the Pacific. Hearts throb, eyes grow dim, the wharf crowd cheers, hats, canes and handkerchiefs wave, the German band tries to play something comforting—the 1915 Panama Committee sail near us to get a moving picture

and there is a wild scramble to be prominently in it. Then with fluttering flags and whistle salutes of ships that pass us we head across the bay for the Golden Gate to meet the Pacific, who immediately proceeds to give us a "swell" time, so that many hurriedly retire to their cabins, feeling "My native land, good night."

NOAH'S ARK

The ship was a second Noah's Ark, for it carried all kinds of animals. Some came in two by two, others singly, but soon mashed and mated.

There were many lions, who roared of money, society and honors.

Some bears, sore-headed, who growled with jealousy.

The hog family was well represented by diamonds, pimples and a desire to have the biggest and best of everything and everybody.

There were occasional boars, who showed their tusks and grunted and rooted for foul stories and scenes.

We had a herd of mules that kicked and asses that brayed at the ship, the cruise, the service, the meals—because they didn't get twice as much as they paid for.

There were a few old cats spiteful and slanderous; wise old owls who knew it all when it came to travel, but blinked and stared and couldn't say much; some birds of passage that flew high; doves of peace carrying olive branches between officers, passengers and Reise bureau; lambs in the smoking room that were frequently fleeced; sheep on deck that went astray on shore; wild goats; dogs that snarled if you happened to sit in their

misplaced chair; butterflies, pretty and painted, flitting all over the boat with foolish youths in pursuit; some wolves who prowled and preyed at night; serpents that hissed gossip with venomous tongues; stinging gnats and wasps; lazy hookworms; spiders spinning nets to catch the unwary; croaking ravens; chattering magpies; repeating parrots and geese that cackled; old hens, roosters and birds of fine feathers, and many other animals I cannot mention for fear they may resent their comparison with mankind and sue or pursue me for criminal libel.

England quarantines for a month all animals that are brought from abroad, but this was a German ship, and all this collection was to be let loose on shore.

WAITERS

At the table I occasionally had wild boar before me and always a tame bore beside me. Three times a day the most important man on the ship is your waiter. Beginning at 'Frisco I had a little bald-headed German to whom I gave my order in the tongue of the Fatherland, mixed with a little English, and used my finger as a pointer on the menu card. The result was surprising. Months later I decided first impressions were lasting, for whether I ordered or not, "Baldy" always brought—morning, noon and night—some more of the same.

The motto of the Black Prince, "Ich dien," was highly honorable, but to most of our servants very onerous. The trip was long, the work laborious, the passengers

"fussy," the waiters slept when and where they could. During the heated days, when we had all we could do to exist, they had to sweat and smile, and their only pastime was to swear at and swat each other. My place at the table gave me a good view, while waiting for my meal, of some of their boxing bouts in the corridor, when they juggled plates or used their contents for facial and shirt front decorations. This was the only labor strike that occurred so far as I know, and even then they were as Peace Convention delegates compared with the Zulu disposition we would have shown in their place.

THE UN-PACIFIC

It was on the Pacific that I was initiated in the club of high rollers. We had an officer's room and it seemed so homelike to sit at a desk with a drop light that I tilted back in my chair, when that peaceful ocean caught me off guard and set me bowling down the long stateroom, measuring my length three times and landing me head-first under the sofa with my heels in the air. When I got up I asked my wife why she didn't catch me, and she replied she might as well try to catch a whale with a bent-pin hook.

Life on the ocean wave is beautiful to painter and poet, from the shore, and there are times on shipboard when we appreciate the glory of rising or setting sun, the splendor of cloud, moon and star, the blue mountain waves and yeasty foam, and diapason of the deep, but, alas, all this is lost when you lurch, unlunch, turn green with envy toward those at home, wonder why you spent

so much good money for such a bad time, and recalling the Bible, "The sea is His and He made it," irreverently say, "Well, He can have it; the dry land is good enough for me." Yet, old ocean, with all thy faults, I love thee —*still*.

HAWAII

AN EARTHLY PARADISE

Hawaii is a paradise where the only poisonous plant is the sugar trust and the only beast of prey is man.

They say there are no snakes here, but there must have been many and poisonous, considering the number of whiskey antidotes taken.

Boats came out to meet us, loaded with natives, who boarded us and made us prisoners with "chains of flowers." Instead of hostile war cries we had the hospitable "Aloha," reached the wharf, were shoved into an auto and whisked to the Pali peak and precipice, over which King Kamehameha drove his enemies into the rock-girt sea like the devil-swine of Gadara. We were not thrown over, but were overcome by the beauty of the scene.

The bright flowers and gardens of Nuana Avenue looked as if Aurora had caught her skirts on them en route to the sky. On the lava rim of the Punch Bowl we drank in the intoxicating scenery of the bay, Waikiki beach, Diamond Head and the progressive American city with Jap and Chinese huts. After this we sobered down in the Congregational Church, whose missionaries long ago taught the men to put away idols and the

women to put on a holoku, invented by Mother Hubbard, who set the example of wearing something even though her cupboard was bare.

Once in time, if never in eternity, I was not only near but on the throne—if seeing my picture is believing. “Calico” was king here as Cotton is king down in Dixie—and in the Bishop Museum we saw his \$150,000 coat, made of feathers robbed from the rare Manna bird, just as other kings wear velvets and jewels for which the Common People are forced to pay.

We had as sweet a time as bees in clover when we drove through sugar farms, banana and pineapple plantations, and drank the juice which cheers and not inebriates; passed by native huts in a modern Eden where children appeared in figleaf fashion; went to the Aquarium with the strangest shaped, oddest striped and brightest colored fish in all the globe. Their fins furrow and flash until you think you have taken some of De Quincey’s opium, or are with Alice in Wonderland. Here was a short, stout and sweet-souled mother, as affectionate as any colored mammy in the South, pointing out the fishes to her little boy “Kalu,” and telling him to be good or the Devil-fish would get him, and he would go to jail and wear black stripes like that big fish swimming over yonder.

It would be Hamlet with the Prince left out to leave Honolulu without a visit to Waikiki beach. Like turtles on the sand or porpoises in the waves, the tourists were sporting or disporting themselves. But the climax thrill was to get in an out-rigger boat manned by giant, swarthy “Buck,” the prize surf-rider and swimmer of

the islands, who paddled us way out to a mountain wave down whose foaming side we tobogganed till spilled off on the sandy shore. Here modest old and immodest young ladies criticized or admired Brooks' Apollo form and my fit of clothes, as we did their clinging, diaphanous drapery. There were many exposures to sun, wind, wave and by treacherous bathing-suit, and untimely time-exposures by the kodak which the Morals Commission has censored from this book.

Of course, there was something good to eat, on an island discovered by a Captain Cook and named Sandwich after his patron. So under the shade of one or more of the six different palm trees we sat down to mangoes, papayas, pineapples and sweet potatoes; ate fish and pork wrapped in leaves and baked on hot stones in the sand; drank water, coffee, and poi cocktail, a la Teddy, made of milk, chipped ice and several tablespoonfuls of poi. Poi is the native staff of life. It is made from the root of the taro plant, pounded to a powder, mixed with water and allowed to ferment. When it is ready for the table you illustrate the proverb, that fingers were made before knives and forks, and jab your finger into the public dish like a naughty little boy stealing cream or preserves. It looks like a combination of wall-paper paste and oil-emulsion and tastes just about as bad,—the natives like it, but then there is no accounting for tastes.

The apple in this Eden to tempt a Mother Eve would be a pineapple, large, fragrant, luscious, combining both food and drink. Next to the volcanoes it is the biggest thing in the islands. We not only saw it cul-

tivated, but went to the factory where it is canned and bottled for the world. Jove would have given a barrel of Olympian nectar for a bottle of pineapple juice such as we absorbed. Having filled our stomachs, the manager loaded our pockets with the bottled goods, which, in later days of storm and heat, with sleep, was to be our "chief nourisher in Life's feast."

A big dictionary isn't necessary for this country, its religion, art and science are so simple. All they ever needed was a few adjectives that would describe their flowers, sweethearts and surroundings, and so I cannot help but think that one of their visiting ancestors came to this island and could only express his intoxicated delight by saying, "O!" "Ah!" "Oou!" so often that it has been called Oahu ever since.

Time and Christianity have brought changes. The real hula-hula is now tabu; the women wear holokus which cover everything and fit nothing, like some of the theories which are advanced for their mental and moral improvement; the men wear a cotton shirt and jean pants in place of a smile and a suit of tan; no longer does the native priest strip himself, look into a bowl of water where float a hair or finger-nail of the victim, and "pray him to death,"—that is left to the Christian minister, who, in his "long prayer" Sunday morning, prays his people to his twin-brother sleep, if not to death.

Hawaii's Kapiolani would be a suffragette martyr were she living today. She is in the class of Vashti and Joan of Arc, who dared and did what no man could or would. I have stood on Mt. Carmel, where Elijah



A PALI POSE



mocked the priests of Baal, and since that far away time and place I know of nothing sublimer than her Christian courage at Kilauea when she defied the wrath of the fire-goddess Pele, and in the name of Jesus Christ plucked the forbidden berries from the sacred tree and flung them into the burning crater.

RAG DANCES

The natives are fine entertainers.

At the reception ball on the roof of the hotel, there was a dance and the Hawaiians not only played, but sang an accompaniment suggesting our darkies in Dixie.

We heard them recite, give their history-lesson in song, play the ukelele and at a theatre saw a censured hula-hula dance, but it was so denatured that in spite of the government's prohibition, some of the tourists went out of town where they saw the real thing.

I have seen the dances of the Old World and the Orient, the contortions of Egypt, the suggestion of Naples, the excitement of the "hula-hula," the unspiritual dance in Indian temples, but they are all tame, modest and decent compared with some recent "rags" where the G string of modesty is all that is left of Virtue's robe.

The Devil would blush at and hesitate to introduce into hell the erotic and suggestive rag of today.

Children are post-graduates in rag-time tunes and dances before they can sing a hymn or repeat the Lord's prayer.

The "Turkey" has trotted over the Ten Command-

ments and the "Grizzly Bear" has hugged the life out of Gospel ideals.

The animal world is libeled. Mr. Bear and Mrs. Turkey were never guilty of such antics, and must look with surprise and shame at the dances which bear their name.

The dance has degenerated from devotion and diversion to dissipation and debauchery.

"On with the Dance," though the waist be dislocated, the floor mopped and the partner half-pulled out of clothes.

The "Turkey Trot" ought to be relegated to the barnyard, the "Bunny Hug" to the alfalfa patch, the "Crab Crawl" under the waves and the "Grizzly Bear" to the tall timbers.

The dancing whirlpool of society is drawing into its drowning depths many of the best craft that sail life's sea.

Holbein's "Dance of Death" should be painted over many dance halls and parlors.

Life is a masquerade ball and the time comes when we throw off our disguises. Lights grow dim, music moans, flowers fade, speech gives way to sighs, the scarf is exchanged for a shroud, and the painted musk-scented skeletons in the dance of death glide into the grave.

"ALOHA"

Happy Hawaii! Our nation's fairest island possession. Glorious our flag which floats in its skies!

At the home of our hostess, Mrs. Emmans, we heard

the natives sing and play their dreamy airs and serenades, but that night beneath the moonlit palms and lulled by the moaning surf, our dreams were roused by a "Thomas" concert that murdered sleep. Our friend Merlin proved to be a disenchanter, for his six-shooter's loud applause, insteading of securing an encore, broke up the symphony.

It almost seems unnecessary to die to go to heaven, for this American possession, with its hospitality, music, climate, flowers, sea and friendship are a paradise on earth.

The government has advertised Lanai, one of the islands, for sale. Here is a kind of Purgatory chance for those who have missed paradise, while for those unfit for either there remains Halemaumau, "The House of Everlasting Fire."

The Sandwich Islands were the best thing on the Reise-bureau's bill of fare. I can never forget Hawaii—the Lotus isles of love and laziness. Again I see the smile of the Pacific and frown of far-off volcanoes; hear the Kanaka welcome "Aloha;" am lassoed with fragrant leis; listen to dreamy music and ghostly legends; wander along the moonlit shore and under tropic trees; eat poi, pig and papayas and watch the dusky damsels in their happy hula-hula dance.

ANANIAS CLUB

The Ananias Club, called the Travelers' Club, met shortly after leaving Honolulu and its chief object then, as all through the voyage, was to make Munchausen and

Gulliver look like thirty-cent pikers. We were allowed three minutes in which to give our impression of a recent visit. If anybody was original and interesting he was punctually rung down; however, there was a special dispensation extended to any one who was unusually dull, or had cribbed a lot of dry statistics from guide-book and folder, or as Sir Oracles unrolled a long paper short of ideas, and tried to make it plain that they had a better brand of polities and religion than the natives were yet acquainted with. We usually left the club with a headache, feeling language was intended to conceal any possible thought they had.

SHIP-BORED

I knew an old Kentucky colonel who went to Europe and said a lot of good land between New York and Liverpool had been wasted with Atlantic salt water when it might have been devoted to the raising of mint or tobacco, but what would have been his judgment of three thousand five hundred miles of salt water between Honolulu and Yokohama.

Neptune must have spied some Jonah on our boat, for we had a stormy time all the way across because there was no providential whale-back into which he could be unloaded.

Between sea-sick seconds some tried to improve the time and others to kill it, but it soon happened there was no time to do either because as we crossed the 180th meridian we lost a whole day and it took a few days more to explain how it happened.

Our watches were put back, like Capt. Cuttle's, half an hour every morning and about another quarter towards the afternoon and so often that they were "ekalled by few and excelled by none."

We "rounders" had one continual round of pleasure 'round the world. Our motto on the boat was "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you may be seasick."

Here's a sample page of a daily diary:

"Bugled out of bed; sneak half-robed through the corridor; take a good salt plunge, called "Bad;" dress and shave, if you can; constitutional walk; breakfast; listen to the waiter band; have some broth and biscuit; read about what you didn't see at the last place and what you don't want to see at the next; boat whistle, wild scramble for luncheon; quiet snooze below, or hurricane sun-bath; orchestra concert in the salon, where the splendidly executed program is appreciated by people who read, rustle leaves, fumble pictures, munch crackers, sip tea, chatter, play cards or bridge and then applaud, not knowing whether the selection was from Chopin or Cohan; gyrate in the gymnasium; broil and blacken in sun and soot playing ring toss and shuffle-board innocent kindergarten games; color meerschaum and nose with tobacco, and booze in the smoker with its joker and red-hot poker; on deck stare the setting sun out of countenance; blow, bugle, blow, sets wild tourists flying to dress for dinner; agony in full-dress and full stomach; promenade all in dress and undress, like so many animated models from fashionable window-fronts;

high-brows go to the lecture in the A dining room; low-brows to grill to gormandize, guzzle and gloat; no-brows to the hurricane deck to stare at the sky until moon-struck they sacrifice head for heart and hand, and the tired captain from his room underneath sends up word "all hands below."

Lest we should forget God, home and native land, and that the God of our Fathers might be with us yet, pious services were held every Sunday morning and evening and patriotic ones on the occasion of Lincoln's and Washington's birthday. The former were conducted by Dr. Geo. A. Hough, who directed us to the heavenly land where his soul dropped anchor before our ship reached New York. Christian, sympathetic, humble and helpful, he was the loved and trusted favorite of all on shipboard; when we learned of his death, water salter than the sea splashed into our eyes.

February 12th and 22nd were not lost from our calendar. Busts of the Savior and Father of our country were draped with American flags, there were big banquets in their honor, after which souvenirs were distributed and we adjourned to the salon cabin for a special patriotic program of music and speeches, to be followed by a dance on the upper deck, which with bunting, lights and flags, offered such strong competition that many did not attend exercises, and others begrudged the time assigned me on both occasions. Of course, we Americans had boasted of our country and applauded our flag, but when it came to a showdown in a public meeting there were more enthusiastic foreigners present to laud the name of Lincoln and Washington.

A HOT PACE

Some female passengers thought it was a slow voyage, but I doubt whether any ship could keep up with the pace they set.

Today Aspasia of Athens, Poppea of the Roman court and Pompadour of the time of Louis XV. are outdone by many society mothers and daughters.

The fabled "hell-rag" is fair and attractive compared with the mere society woman prematurely old, powdered and painted, with empty mind, withered heart and diseased body hurrying to the grave where she becomes a poor banquet for a healthy worm.

Her funeral has many flowers and carriages but few mourners.

Society women often have a large monument but it takes few words to describe their virtues.

Their epitaphs should read, "Here lies a suicide." "Died before her time." "A victim of Social Dissipation."

They have more time and inclination than other women to live fast, be fast, and go to the grave and hell fast.

In autos, with gravestones for milestones, they rush by laws of God and man to roadhouse and club debauch.

In dress, Fashion's hand restrains their life's functions, makes nude and invites to pneumonia and hobbles feet in French fashion that stumble all through life.

Godless rich women often have foul, fatal diseases which were never heard of by their Christian poor sisters.

Cigarettes reddens their eyes, late suppers dig their early graves, the dance drags down in the maelstrom of shattered nerves, games for money unhealthfully stimulate the heart, bad books, pictures and plays scale with moral leprosy, while Death blows fascinating bubbles from his champagne glass.

Many society women not only kill themselves but in respect to prenatal murder outhered Herod in their slaughter of the innocents.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her prize is far above rubies."

So we birds of passage flew across the Pacific. To some it was an emetic, to others a sedative, some thought it beautiful, others a bore, but she didn't care a ripple whether we loved or hated her, she had been there before we came and would stay long after we had gone. So we bade goodbye to her smile and her frown, her melody and her moan, packed our grips, devoured Murray on Japan, visited the boat money-changers, who gave us sens and yens for our bright gold tens, and were rocked to sleep in the Japanese cradle of the deep to dream of the wonderful things we were to buy so cheap, but which afterwards, alas, proved to Memory so dear.

MY JAP ALPHABET

Japan, the country, is a pretty story-book, and Nature's alphabet is easily understood in sky, sea, bird, tree and flower, but when you come to the people and their language, that's a very different and difficult matter.

I learned a few words and phrases necessary for travel, the guide, my ricksha boys and hotel, but that was all. Japanese sounds nice, is easy to pronounce and hard to read because the old language has been weighted down with several thousand Chinese characters which you must first learn by heart and sight.

I invented an alphabet of my own, or rather took my own alphabet, making each letter stand for a word. Now I have twenty-six ideas of Japan which the reader may fill out to a volume if he wishes. I gave them to the travelers' club as we left Japan, and here they are for you.

A	Art	N	Nikko
B	Babies	O	Orchestras
C	Cryptomeria	P	Politeness
D	Dirt	Q	Quaintness
E	Enterprise	R	Rain
F	Fuji-yama	S	Smells
G	Geishas	T	Temples
H	Homes	U	Utility
I	Imitation	V	Variety
J	Jinrickshaws	W	Work
K	Kindness	X	'Xcentricities
L	Landscape	Y	Yoshiwara
M	Missions	Z	Zeal

YOKOHAMA

All Japan is divided into three parts to one who has never been there. The first is inhabited by the Geisha girls; the second cohabited by the Yoshiwara, and the third occupied by Fuji-yama, only this and nothing

more. But when you arrive you find this and a lot more which you can't find anywhere else.

When we waked in the harbor, that drizzly morning, the first thing I saw was a little junk, and after I left I had a lot of junk that would have been better in the harbor than in my trunk. On this dirty junk-boat, which the owner might have cleaned with his scrub-brush of bristling black hair as he paddled, sat a little boy warming his brown hands over an hibachi or fire pot. He looked up to us, said "Ohio" and held out a kind of tennis rack net to catch the oranges I threw, as well as the refuse food spouting out of the side of the vessel from the kitchen. As soon as we docked, the officials of the city came on board, and if our male tourists thought they were well-dressed they had "nothing on" the Japanese delegation with their Prince Alberts, patent leather shoes and plug hats. They welcomed us with kindest words, pinned silver badges on us which were passports to courtesy and friendship everywhere in their island and a license to pay the highest possible price for everything we bought. Here and throughout the land the Japanese flag was intertwined with Old Glory, making us feel we were at home, among those who respected and loved us, even if some scare-headline editors and Jingo jack-out-of-the-box politicians were shrieking there was and could be no peace unless we cut each other in pieces.

Like a wolf on the fold the Chinese tailors came down in our state rooms, before we could get ashore, and offered to make clothes and bargains which no one else could duplicate. "Big Tom" measured me for

linen and pongee suits, which were ready to wear next day, though I waited till it grew warmer. They were stylish, well made, and, strange to say, very cheap. I wore my pongee when I got home with pride until someone asked me where I got that linen suit.

Japan is the land of babies, and I felt I must be in my second childhood when I got into a rubber-tired "Birch" baby buggy, called a rickshaw and was pulled all over town by a muscular little man so much smaller than myself that the Humane Society should have pinched me for cruelty to animals.

We were bounced along the bund; between shops with curio devils on the one hand and the deep blue sea on the other; whisked along the bluff where foreigners live in style; glanced by gardens, glorious with wistaria and plum blossoms and grotesque with pine trees dwarfed, deformed and wrinkled with a hundred years; stopped for refreshment at the Tea House of a Hundred Steps, where we swallowed cups of delicious tea and dainty ladyfingers pointed to Mississippi Bay where Perry entered with his fleet in 1864, opening the shut door so that American commerce and tourists have entered ever since; after which, like old Put at Stony Point, I went down some of the hundred steps all at once until picked up by the guide, who took me to a hotel. Then a ride on the outskirts of the city, where hundreds of happy children yelled "Banzai," waving a flag in one hand and wiping their nose with the other; across an open stretch until way beyond the rice-paddies we feasted our eyes a moment on the ice-cream cone of Fuji-yama, which soon melted away; again at sunset we

saw it, gold and glowing like a lacquered temple, after this it was only seen on silk, ivory and Dam-o-scene postcards.

Some of our readers have already accused us of wasting our time here and elsewhere because we did not shop first, last and all the time, but where we had time we didn't have money, and where we had money we didn't have time, so we left those who had both to shop in the most wonderful stores in the world while we hustled around to get a few things money couldn't buy.

DOLL'S FESTIVAL

I went to a Doll's house, that Ibsen hasn't described, and saw dolls which if not big were beautiful to the little Jap girls who were having a festival in their honor. After my friend Mittwer had us served with tea in a room that had been occupied by the late J. P. Morgan, he took us downstairs, pulled aside the screen and we saw a room full of girls in their best kimonas sitting on the floor. The side of the room was arranged with shelves like steps and on the top shelf were dolls to represent the emperor and empress, under them came the courtiers, then the common people and working class. At the tables were dolls carrying flowers and parasols, riding in rickshaws, as mothers with babies on their back, and every other dolly thing that could delight the heart of a child. We became children again and were served with potato balls covered with various colored frosting, bean-curd cut in queer shapes, fish and noodles and many other things we had never seen

or heard of. A flat-faced girl played on a samisen and sang about the egg that would not fit into a square hole. She kept very sober, but the others laughed aloud and we knew it must be funny. For once in my life I could not talk and had to do my part of the entertainment by acting in a way that recalled what my father said when I graduated as a minister that a good end-man was spoiled and I should apply to Jack Haverly at once for a position. I made them laugh until they cried and said they didn't know any people could be so silly.

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES

In Yokohama I met Dr. Nakahama, the son of a man famous not only in Japanese, but American history.

They say men may come and men may go, but a man's mother-in-law takes off her things and makes herself at home. Mine did and was most welcome, and from her lips I heard the story of this international hero, who was her schoolmate.

In 1841 Capt. W. H. Whitefield, of Fair Haven, Mass., was cruising around in his whaler in the sea of Japan when he saw a signal of distress floating from a barren rock. He sent a boat to investigate and the sailors found seven Japs and a boy of ten or twelve years of age. They were nearly famished and had had nothing but the flesh of wild gulls, which they had caught with their hands. The men were brought on board the ship "John Howland" and offered food, but were afraid to take it, yet recognized the tea and were willing to drink it if the captain first tasted it. By the time the vessel

reached Honolulu, her first port, the boy whom they called "John Mung," had become so attached to the captain that he would not land with his friends, but was willing to go on to America. When they reached Fair Haven John was put in school and learned rapidly. He had a great liking for mathematics and studied navigation. In a short time he learned all they could teach him and so was sent to High School at New Bedford. In 1849 he got the gold craze and went to California, where he made his fortune, not as a miner but as cook. One day he boarded a vessel for Honolulu, where he met his old friends and asked them if they would return with him to Japan, but they were afraid, for Japan had not opened her ports and did not allow her citizens to return if they had visited other countries. But John wanted to see his mother so he bought a dory, a small ocean boat, and with it took passage in a ship which lowered him and his little boat as near Japan as the captain dared.

John landed to find that he had forgotten his mother tongue, but motioning to the natives that he was hungry, they brought him rice and he found he could use chop-sticks as well as they.

News spread to the Mikado that a Jap had landed who couldn't talk the language, so the Mikado ordered him to be brought to Yeddo under a guard. There he was watched and in a short time his language came back to him and he told of the wonderful things he had learned in America, how we sailed our ships and then showed a copy of Bowditch's book of navigation which he had. To prove that he was not lying the Mikado ordered

him to translate it into Japanese, which took a year or two.

It was about this time that Commodore Perry was negotiating for the opening of the ports of Japan. During a private interview with the Mikado, John was hidden behind a sliding screen. When Perry left John verified all he had said and later what was Perry's surprise to receive a letter written in English from him, saying that his message was believed and that from the kindness he had received in America he knew Perry meant nothing but good will and fairness to the Japanese people.

To John Mung more than any one else is due the credit of this first peace-overture between Japan and America. Today Japan is grateful that United States opened her ports to civilization, and would like to return the same kind of a compliment to California ports, whose unfair, unkind, un-Christian, un-American land bill seeks to close.

After this Perry interview, John took his rightful family name of Nakahama Mungiro—the family name being used first. Following this he was ennobled by the Mikado, put in charge of their navy, and visited America with the first Japanese embassy. He wore a button on his hat which showed high rank and thinking more of his old friend than new formality, he paid a visit to Capt. Whitefield, remembered the children with whom he had gone to school and gave them his autograph and a gold coin to wear as a charm.

He died rich in years and honors, leaving two sons, one a commander in the navy, who died in the late Jap-

Russian war, and the other the learned professor of Tokio, Dr. Nakahama, whose tea room was put at our disposal and who, with his daughter, Aja, dined with us on the Cleveland at Yokohama one Sunday afternoon. The father and daughter were most delightful company, well-traveled, highly educated and able to speak five languages. Our memory of Japan has a personal interest which has been continued since our return, for we have received pleasant letters and gifts from them.

JAPAN'S CHINA

The best of China is found in Japan at the Royal porcelain factory of Makuzu-Kozan. The place was packed with prize pieces of porcelain of every color and shape. It makes me melancholy to think what a bull could do that came here to shop and got mad at a purchase. We sat down on Chinese chairs at a Chinese table and were surrounded by a great wall of china and the only Japanese thing was a waiter who appeared when we clapped our hands, and served us with tea and sponge-cake as if we were at home. We filled our stomachs with food as we had our souls with the visions of the beautiful crockery about us. Instead of paying a set price for this bill of fare, we dropped some coins in a tea cup as we left the table. We went into the factory and saw the workers turn out the finest things in clay since Adam was fashioned. From a piece of dirty clay a vase was transformed, delicate as an egg shell and shining like the sun. Better than any china dolls on the shelves was a little live Jap baby, the

daughter of the proprietor. When she saw me she grabbed her mother's dress and hid her face, but the mother comforted her, told her I wasn't the awful Bogie she had heard of; I dropped some small coins to her, she dropped on her knees and picked them up and kept me busy until all my small change was gone.

SHOPPING FEVER

Man was made to mourn, for many reasons, and one of them is that his six days hard-earned cash is so easily spent by his shopping wife and daughter in an hour. The tourist shopping fever which showed slight symptoms at Honolulu rose to the high temperature of 104 in Yokohama, which was only checked by the rising prices of what was offered for sale. Here are shops filled with things that have made Japan famous the world over. You could buy embroidery and silk for your best girl, porcelain souvenirs for the kitchen maid, lacquer work, ivory and wood carvings for the children in the nursery, bronze paper-weights of devils and dragons for the dear pastor, and many other heavy, hideous, costly curios for the junk-peddler, who will think you have robbed him when he is forced to pay you a quarter of a cent a pound.

I couldn't get what I wanted, but what I didn't want was thrown at me. I wanted a cherry tree in blossom, but it was March and there were none to be had; a look at the sun; a view of Fuji-yama that wasn't streaked with rain; two great bronze guardian dogs to scare away the tramps from the back door; a temple tōrii fo-

my front yard to festoon with rambler roses or string beans; a few of their native gods to keep company with an Egyptian mummy; a skeleton and a pair of cocoanut shell heads in my study.

Oriental shopping is a great game, exciting as roulette, and like it in the long run the house gets the best of you.

Still what is one man's poison is another man's food, and shopping was a god-send to some who didn't know what else to do with their money, but like Flora Mac-Flimsey, just plan something nice to wear.

A GIANT GOD

An hour's ride on a railroad brought us to the pretty village of Kamakura, once the big capital of Eastern Japan; today a place of peace, yesterday a scene of slaughter.

Here a devout people built the temples of Kwannon and Hachiman, and near by grows the mammoth and Methuselah Icho tree. But the big show is the Daibutsu, as familiar to us by photograph as the Statue of Liberty.

This bronze image was built over six centuries ago by order of Yoritoma, the Napoleon of his day. A tidal wave swept away the great temple in which it stood leaving a roof of sky and aisles of trees mirrored in the near-by pond.

Daibutsu is a dull deity, heavy-faced, sleepy-eyed, sitting with crossed legs and folded hands on knees. He looks as if he had had a big dinner and was drowsy,

but he seems to be comfortable, and I am glad, for he has been sitting here for so many centuries and will continue to for many more.

He is a giant in build; has gold eyes, a silver wart on his forehead that weighs thirty pounds; his bust measure is 98 feet; the ears, nose and mouth are enormous, and thirty-six inches measure the circumference of his thumb.

I perched like a fly on his arm and was photographed, five stood on his thumb, while a dozen sat in his lap and found it anything but a lap of luxury. Later I went to his back door, entered and found his interior like a small Mammoth Cave; his chest was fixed up like a temple and a ladder brought me to his window shoulder-blades; one more climb and I was in the attic of his head, big but empty, like so many of his Nirvana worshippers, all bronze and no brains.

SLEEPY RELIGION

Nirvana is something hard to understand and define—I tried it and wanted to take a long sleep to forget it, although I am told I would make a good looking Buddhist priest. It seems easier to tell what it isn't than what it is. It isn't the orthodox heavenly view of eternal existence or the heterodox view of annihilation, but seems to be a calm passivity and indifference to the world, the flesh and the devil. It is a profound stoicism which suffers in silence and having conquered all human thought, feeling, and passion, folds its hands, closes its eyes and sings "I should worry." In other words, when you no longer want to kill a president or a base-

ball umpire, when you ignore the tariff, political parties and religious denominations, have no choice of a necktie, are unconcerned whether your wife wears last year's Easter bonnet or not, or your daughter votes, or your son runs you in debt for an automobile, whether your doctor's and church bills are paid, your neighbor throws ashes in your back lot, whether you get a headline in the daily paper or no, whether you are called godly or a grafted, are to have a small or "swell" funeral, or your body is to be buried or burned—in fine, when you care for nothing and people care nothing for you you belong to the blessed bunch of Buddhists and are to reside forever in the peaceful state of Nirvana.

Seriously, the Buddhist oracles are dumb; the Table of the Five Commandments, like the last half of our Ten, are only a nominal rule of conduct, a negative "don't" hate God or man, without a positive "do" love both.

Through mist of cloud and falling rain I bade farewell to Daibutsu with his calm face and closed eyes, so unlike the majestic Sphinx with open eyes forever toward the rising sun.

LUCKY ENOSHIMA

We took a trolley from Kamakura for Enoshima, something broke and we got out and hiked through sand ankle-deep, rested at the house of a lone fisherman, watched some women gathering shells and tried to get a picture of a naked boy, who missed my camera shot and found refuge under a bridge.

Benten, the Goddess of Good Luck, who, yesterday,

today and forever will always be popular with some people, has her headquarters at Enoshima. This picturesque place was a peninsula the day we blew over the sandy isthmus on a rickety bridge to the rocky point, and almost an island with the rising tide when we blew back. We climbed up the main street on both sides of which were little stores where the simple natives sold sea-coral and shells; rested in tea-houses, tarried in temples, circled roads, climbed bluffs, looked over sea and harbor, slid down to the high-sounding sea, clung like goats to the wet rocks, then crawled along the frail little bridge that led to the mouth of the sacred cave, where we would have been swallowed up by the darkness had it not been for the candles we bought and lighted. Long ago a dragon lived here who devoured little children, but the most ravenous thing we saw was an old beggar who took all the coin he could get. Sea, surf and wind made this a second edition of the Cave of the Winds at Niagara, and we felt lucky to get away without a sprained ankle or being blown into shreds. On our way back we met many queer looking pilgrims who were bound for this cave, the most sacred spot in the sacred island. From the time of this visit until we left Japan I had such good luck that I half believed that Benten had something to do with it.

TOKIO

Tokio is the hub and the hub-bub of Japan. The Seiyoken Hotel, the finest in Japan, was our home. I can't forget the American flag, ice-cream and pie which were served, or the head waiter who called me by name

and was from my own native town. It was my good fortune to have him take me to a fortune-teller, for the Japanese, like some others, believe in gilding a palm which can push aside the veiled curtain of the future. So Ben Uti, my hotel and home friend, took me to the noted professor. It was rainy and cold and we took off our shoes, as Moses did on holy ground, when we entered the mystic place, but used the hibachi to warm our toes instead of our fingers. The professor came in, kneeled before a table, unfurled his fan and had us kneel opposite. He took a large magnifying glass, inspected my wife's eyes, teeth and ears, then examined her head with his hand—finding out just how much store hair she wore—and solemnly said, "You are a very lucky lady—for you will outlive your husband." Turning to me without a magnifying glass he said, "You eat too much, you could live twenty years longer if you wouldn't." I said the world would be empty without a full stomach, and I would hurry home for dinner. Then he looked at my son's ear and said, "You are your mother's second boy." I asked him how he knew, he said, "by the ear-marks." If he meant dirt, the ocular proof was soon gone for the boy made a beeline for the wash-basin as soon as he struck the hotel.

MISSIONS

Through the kindness of the well-known writer and missionary, Dr. Deering, we visited a Mission School. It was spacious, simple, sanitary, scholarly and spiritual, a good investment for our alms, prayers and tears. If Christianity had nothing to offer for the eternal future

but only for the temporal present in medicine for the body, education for the mind, orphanages for the homeless, it would more than pay for every cent invested. Don't believe the low-browed, peanut-shelled souled knocker who says that missions don't pay—that the heathen are worse than they were before, for he is generally a tourist critic who knows nothing, gives nothing, appreciates nothing, or one who has lived away from Europe or America a long time and has been rebuked by some decent Christian missionary for his profanity, dishonesty, gambling and licentious life among the natives. One feels here as Franklin did among the French skeptics who reviled the Bible, that if people are so wicked with it how much worse would they be without it.

I know someone who doubts this. He asked a Mission scholar what he thought of our religion and the Jap replied: "To hell with Jesus Christ. I am learning English." He seems to have been an apt pupil. The words are all right, but used in the wrong place. I think he must have overheard some profane tourist shopping by day or slumming by night.

EDUCATION

A Japanese friend had given me a letter of introduction to Count Okumo. I felt it would be an honor to visit the distinguished count, but my call was of no account, he was not in, so I gave the gate keeper a flag and my card, which were Sesame and admitted us to his private park and garden. For beauty and variety of tree, shrub and flower, it compares favorably with

the greatest public gardens of the world. What a paradise for a botanist or bug to live in. The count is not only a politician, but a philanthropist and public educator.

Don't say the age of miracles is past. As we left the garden I offered the Japanese guide and attendant some money for his kindness, he refused it with a bow and thanks, but grabbed the American flag I offered him as a hungry trout does a fly.

Near the count's home we saw his pet fad, the Waseda University, but passed it up for a visit to the Imperial University, imperial not only in name, but in the nature of all its appointments. More attractive than the outside of the building was the inside. Class-rooms, library of books, up to date and out of date, rarest Chinese volumes and Max Mueller's splendid library.

The Jap more than anybody else believes in a sound mind in a sound body—he is little, but lithe, every inch a physical king. We saw them run, leap, jump, rush over a big campus in a game that is a cross between baseball and cricket; fence fast and furious with masks and sword-sticks, yells and calls, thumps and thwacks, dressed in a funny apron in front and nothing to speak of behind; jiu-jitsu each other in a way so simple and skillful that if our home police and amusement bouncers were up in the game they could put down any rough-necks that started a rough house. As we left the Gym. we passed by the bath-room where some students were enjoying a hot-water bath of 116 degrees, a number of degrees less than the temperature of the embarrassed ladies who saw them.

City parks are lungs for the common people, and big, busy Tokio breathes freely. In parks, Asakusa is as large and breezy as our Coney's and Wonderlands. The wise Jap combines his religion and pleasure, mostly pleasure. A temple is in the park. Here he comes to pray, but remains to play. The temple was empty, the side-shows and picture-movies crowded.

How to get here, there and everywhere in a little time was a big problem. King Richard was willing to run up a big livery bill and give his kingdom for a horse. What would he have given for the auto we had when there were only three in town? Tokio has 2,000,000 people, spread over what seems to be as many miles to a lost tourist. Mr. Morikubo was the man with the machine. A letter of introduction from his Minneapolis brother brought him to our hotel in his buzz-wagon. The best passport one can have is a bunch of such letters.

He took us everywhere the wheels could go, and when we were tired, if they weren't, stopped at the leading tea-house, where we were feasted with raw-fish, bamboo-sprouts, chestnuts, bean-curd and many other delicacies which were washed down with tea and saki.

Next was Tokio's big bazaar. It reminds one of the Bible pictures of the Tower of Babel, with its circular stairways in, around, up and down. There was a confusion of tongues between the native sellers and tourist buyers and a confusion of all the articles that one ever saw or might dream of. I had corkscrewed myself through these narrow aisles and stairways till I was dizzy and was glad to unwind myself when I stepped down and out on the main street with souvenirs galore.

GEISHA GIRLS

I thought more of the Geisha dancers than the dance, and that wasn't much. The word "Geisha" means accomplished one, and there are schools for their education in music and the beautiful arts. People visit them more for pleasure than for profit, and since they are one of the institutions of Japan, we went one night to a tea-house to see them.

Making ourselves as comfortable as possible on the floor, a screen door was slipped and in came a pretty Geisha girl, who touched her head to the floor three times, sat down and looked at each one of us. Now fluttered in three more and made the room look like an Oriental bird-cage. They sang for us in a tone that suggested an ungreased axle or a nail drawn across a piece of glass, played on the samisen and koto, which nothing but the genius of a Wagner could appreciate, went through a fancy fan-drill and proved themselves good entertainers, but felt embarrassed because we were not familiar and indecent. They acted serious and spoke to one another, and I asked the guide what was the trouble. He replied they didn't know what to make of us, as the average tourist was pretty usually boisterous, drunk and rough.

THE YOSHIWARA

The Yoshiwara is the red-lantern district of Japan. One night we formed a stag-party to visit the Yoshiwara, but we couldn't shake the "dears," who were as anx-

ious to go as we were, and insisted on accompanying us. Our rickshaws rolled through acres, squares and streets. En route, I lay back and fell asleep, and almost to the ground, for I had overbalanced the rig. My runner was suspended in mid-air with the shafts under his arms. I leaned forward, he came down; he said something and so did I, but I wasn't afraid, he seemed so small I felt I could lick him with one hand. After miles of mud and misery we came to what was in itself a "city of dreadful night," but all ablaze with electric light. Here were squares of theatre-looking buildings where women dressed in bright and fancy garb sat by little stoves, and sullen, smiling or smoking pipes, looked out at the spectators. The government regulates this "social" as a "necessary evil" and houses, supervises and guards the girls. In Japan it is regarded as noble and filial for a daughter to sell herself to support the father and family who may have failed financially. The same thing is done in England and America for wealth and social position, but differently estimated and under another name.

Here they sat in butterfly garb, with silk kimona obi, glossy black hair, stuck full of combs and gold pins, eyes painted and faces powdered, thrumming a little guitar, squeaking out a love-song and making goo-goo eyes in a way that would make one smile if he could forget the hell-horror of the place. Some of these girls do not leave the place until death; others return to society, which welcomes and does not disown; one may return to her home, loved and respected, but with none of the fine clothes and jewels given by her admirers during

her absence. However, the place often becomes a matrimonial bureau and the girl is met, courted and selected by some Jap as his wife.

In addition to segregation, there is such a supervision that the inmates can't leave even for an hour except at the consent of the police. Japan teaches a lesson—best for her, and worth our consideration.

Sex-sin will exist as long as there are men and women in the world. If the church does not regenerate the government must segregate. An open foe is better than a sneaking assassin; a wide cavern one sees and may avoid is safer than an abyss covered with flowers into which he ignorantly drives; a segregated district or a licensed and medically inspected resort is less abhorrent than a city-wide spider-web of sin in which youth are ensnared.

MIKADO'S BELL

Japan has big and beautiful bells for its Buddha worship. I never tired of seeing them or striking them with a big mallet to hear them sound deep and far away among the hills.

Here at Tokio, the home of the emperor, I heard a pretty little legend of how the wonderful palace bell was made.

Centuries ago the Mikado ordered a bell-maker to cast the best bell ever heard. It was to stand in the palace tower and that it might be clear and sweet, and sound for a hundred miles away, gold and silver were to be mingled with the brass.

Into the melting pot the metals were placed, the big fire builded, but the metals would not mingle. Again and again he tried, but with no success; there was no bell. The emperor, growing weary and angry at the delay, sent final word that unless the bell-maker succeeded he must die.

Now the bell-maker had a lovely daughter. She heard the Mikado's threat against her father and was broken hearted. One night she wrapped herself in a cloak, left the palace, went to the shrine and asked the oracle how she could save her father. The reply came, "Gold and silver will not melt and mingle until the blood of a virgin is mixed with them in their fusion."

Once again the old bell-maker was ready to cast the bell. He thought he was alone, but his daughter stood near and suddenly threw herself into the melted metal. It fused, the bell was cast and found to be the most perfect and wonderful ever made.

That was long ago, but even now it hangs in the tower of the palace and its tones are the sweetest heard round about for a hundred miles. Blood sacrifice mingled with gold and silver gave the bell its marvelous tone.

This Japanese legend rings out a lesson to us in America, far across the seas. Life makes no sweet and lasting music until sacrifice mingles with our offerings in love's altar fires. Of all classes between the mother in the private home or the martyr at public stake, Christ's words are true, "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

NIKKO

"Nikko" whistled the engine, hummed the wheels, said the smiling student conductors, whispered the wind and trees as we sped by rice-paddies, through little villages, over hill and dale, till at last the giant cryptomerias waved their welcome to the sacred shrine, Nikko, glorious in nature and art.

We reached Nikko at night. The rickshaws, with their painted paper lanterns, swarmed about like fireflies. Jumping in we climbed a steep road, bright with fires, flags and faces. From the oldest grandpa to the youngest baby, came the cry "Ohio." I shouted back "Minnesota," we all chimed in with "Banzai" and kept it up as we went up until our noise was drowned by the rush of the stream whose banks we followed and then left for the rocky path to the hotel, our temple, in the land of temples, for the night.

We were in the mountain district where everything seemed transfigured, and remembering how, long ago, the Disciple Peter fell asleep when he should have been most awake, I agreed to keep my eyes open, knowing I could go to bed at any time. The Geisha maid, with the hotel proprietor and the leader of our party, tried to stop my climb by saying, "beware the mountain pass," but "Excelsior" was my motto.

It was dark, the roads were heavy and the rickshaw men didn't care to go in the beginning or continue after starting, but by extra tips, getting out and walking and climbing half the way we managed to get along, until Nature took pity on us, lifted the clouds, threw out a

handful of stars and hung up a big yellow moon like a monstrous Japanese lantern. By this light we climbed through rocky ravine, forded foaming streams, were given a shower-bath by a silver cataract and got a glorious glimpse of snowy summits. The scenery made me drunk and drowsy, so my rickshaw boy trundled me in his little patrol wagon to the hotel, where I slept soundly until the sun was up and a daughter of Japan came into my room to—build the fire.

Nikko is Nippon's Westminster, with roof of sky, architecture of hill and mountain, aisles of cryptomerias, music of cascade and pine and tombs of Ieyasu and his grandson, those sho-guns who have slept in this show-place for centuries without going off.

In harmony with these sacred and solemn surroundings we pilgrims were waltzed by bronze lanterns, slipped over old stone and moss-covered steps, dragged to and from gold, lacquer and carved temples before we could get on or off our shoes, were rushed by carved monkeys and stone dragons, as if they were in pursuit, until we sought refuge at the door of the temple, but were stopped by a dancing girl. We put some coin into a little box on the platform and, like an old music box that squeaks a tune when you drop a nickel in the slot, a withered female fantastically dressed appeared like a ghost, danced like a dry corn stalk in the wind, squeaked like a rat until she was tired out and we were too.

Securing the guides of the night before we rode by Sacred Bridge, but were not "Granted" to cross, and along the bank with its defaced stone-faced images; were

hauled up hills, by pretty gardens, dry, rocky river beds, misty mountain tops and falls, which we took in with the sandwiches we brought along. There was no time for an after-dinner nap, and like the famous men who marched up the hill we had to march back again, for the train, like time and tide, waits for nobody. As we approached a mountain hut I sighted a little woman in a big pair of Dr. Mary Walker pants. She wouldn't stand for a picture, but fled, and I went to the old-fashioned well and drank long and deep from the old bamboo bucket. Prowling around I came to a little mound of earth and stone, where there were evidences of worship. Here I found a little clay god built on the lines of St. Nicholas, though instead of a pack of toys he carried two sacks of rice. I fell in love with him at sight and since there were so many of him in Japan I took him and left the little woman housekeeper enough to buy a dozen deities. Virgil found the descent easy to Avernus, and I did to the Cleveland party at the depot, who wondered where we had been, and half-wished we had been left behind when we told them they might as well have never come to Nikko as to have missed what we had just seen.

THREE MONKEYS

We left Nikko, the place of pious pilgrimage and of both Buddhist and Shinto shrine, whose elaborate and artistic wood carving of red and gold lacquer work are unsurpassed.

Among the many figures we saw of lions, tigers, winged

and scaly dragons and a blind cat, there were the three original famous monkeys, made over three hundred years ago by a celebrated artist. Their names are Mizaru, Kikazaru and Iwazaru.

Of these marvelous monkeys, one sits with his paws over his eyes, another covers his ears and a third his mouth; over eyes that he may see no evil, over ears that he may hear no evil, and over mouth that he may speak no evil. Though carved long ago, and by a heathen artist, they teach a now much needed lesson.

I have seen trained monkeys in circuses, wild monkeys in India and South America, but these wooden monkeys in Japan are of more interest than all the others.

When any one tells you not to make a monkey of yourself, ask what he means; he may be giving you bad advice, for the three monkeys at Nikko's temple are always and everywhere worthy of imitation. Let us all be Nikko monkeys.

NARA

Nara may be the Happy Hunting Ground for those whose way through dusky death was lighted by stone lanterns, but while the park is filled with deer, there is no open season for hunters. The animals are sacred and at call of voice and horn will come and eat out of your hand the rice-cakes prepared for them. Like all sacred animals, man or beast, they are lazy and fat.

Scattered through the park are stone-lanterns, like so many mushrooms, and a long row of them leads to

a temple where girls in bloomers, with black hair filled with bright flowers and faces daubed over with white lead, give a holy Hulu dance, keeping time to a sacred accompaniment sung and played by amorous priests.

At Moscow I wasn't permitted to strike the big bell, as broken and useless as the hearts and lives of many a Russian, but here every time for the ring of a coin I got the ring of the bell by pulling a rope which swung a beam like a battering ram against its nine-inch thick brazen side. Later I went out from a museum of delicate and dead things to the sturdy life of the park, where boys and girls and men and women were sitting astride of a big log suspended by chains and swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a giant grandfather's clock.

Speaking of trees recalls the botanical freak of seven trees twisted into one trunk. To this odd tree frantic lovers come, write down their heart-throb wishes on a piece of tissue paper, and tie it in form of a curl-paper around the twigs with the thumb and little finger of one hand, as difficult to tie as the Gordian knot was to untie. Judged by the number of bandages around it many love-sick sweethearts had been here.

While some were having a public reception with the officials we had a private unofficial meeting with a Buddha bigger than any image since the time of Nebuchadnezzar, nestling on a lotus-leaf like a toad on a stool. This diety under his dark roof looked like a demon in his den and inspired about as much repose as Poe's Raven.

Pagodas flourish in China, as watermelons in Georgia,

but we found one here under cultivation. It is five stories high, and even though the traveler adds another story every time he mentions it, it seems very small for its age, dating from the fifteenth century, in comparison with some skyscrapers we pile up in a single year.

A NIGHT IN OSAKA

Osaka, with its sooty chimneys, is a Japanese Pittsburgh by day, but a big white way by night. It's all right to take a rubber-neck rickshaw in the morning to see castle walls with stones larger than some Egyptian granite, or the bell big enough to ring Japan's liberty and independence, but if you would view fair Osaka aright see it as we did by electric light. From dark of depot we dashed by spacious parks, over bridges, under flaming electric lights and signs, through narrow wholesale streets, with stock on sidewalk, until we rolled into Shinsai-bashi-suji. In this long street, with a long name, the million inhabitants of the town seemed poured, spilled into the shops, running by the river, flooding the theatres and moving picture shows, while between the flags and through the colored awnings canopying the street, the man in the moon looked down with a broad grin and said, "Bless you, my children." Over a restaurant the word "pie" written in English struck my eye and I sat down at a place which had just been vacated. A good looking Japanese came and asked me what I'd have, and I said the dishes in front of me looked pretty good; then he told me that was his place and he was not a waiter, but the owner of the shop. How-

ever, he let me have his bread and coffee, ham, eggs and pie, and went out to get a duplicate order for himself. Can you beat it? Not with the golden rule in U. S. A.

As usual, men and women were very social; everywhere you went, in public or private, they were or came. I would like to tell of one encounter in a dark shed by a canal, but think it better not to publish it. O, don't miss Osaka for, like its native drink saki, it ascends me in the brain and fills me full of funny, fiery and fragrant memories.

TEMPLE TOWN KYOTO

Did you ever visit a city tourists gush over? If not, make a sentimental journey to Kyoto, where, if your "gusher" hasn't already given out, it probably will over the castles, palaces, museums, bell, gods more numerous than Paul found in idolatrous Athens, and so many temples that the piety you may have felt at Jerusalem, Moscow and Rome will all ooze out and in its stead leave a profane word sticking in your dry throat.

From the guide-book one would think the Nijo castle was a menagerie with heron, sparrow and tiger room. But they were beauty and beast decorations which didn't bother me at all. I entered one of its corridors that creaked and squeaked as if it were a poor piece of carpenter work, but learned it was an alarm signal for any foot-pad or assassin who might try to sneak in late and unawares.

I am not surprised that the Mikado moved away from



A BIG COLLECTION BOX



Kyoto if he had to live in the Imperial palace we were permitted to ramble through. There seemed to be as many rooms as cells in a honey-comb. I buzzed around like a lost bumble bee and the Mikado, king bee, was lucky to find his way out.

One morning I went to the Golden Pagoda with its Phoenix cupola. It looked like a celestial hen-coop with a prize rooster on it. Here we fed the golden carp with rice fish-balls, drank rare tea that looked as if it had been skimmed off the top of a frog pond, and entered a garden that harbored a ship which from stem to stern and mast to keel was a tree with fluttering leaves for sails. I was entertained by a Buddhist monk who showed me his books, garden and temple and whom I thanked and left feeling the only thing we had in common was a bald head.

I made a tour of some time-eaten and deserted temples, and one where a straggling worshipper clapped his hands, rang a bell, threw a coin into a hay-rick looking collection box and made known his request. I fear that a contribution box of this size in Christian lands would drive the worshippers from the altar to the woods, God's first temples with free sittings. Near by I saw a kind of wood-box filled with bamboo sticks—I picked up one as a souvenir. It proved to be a prayer, written, not extemperaneous, but I didn't offer it there or here for I didn't know what it meant and one must always be careful of his petition and know what he wants before he asks for it. Around me were some sad and sour-visaged idols and I don't wonder, because for centuries they have been targets for spit-balls. Japan would

be a paradise for some bad American school boy who would make a juicy spit-ball and blow it through a bean-shooter with the idea that if it stuck to the image he would be lucky and get anything he asked for. I fear if he did this he would be unlucky and get some things he didn't want, for here spit-ball throwing is a religious rite. You write down a prayer on a piece of soft paper, put the paper in your mouth and chew it, roll it in the form of a ball and fire it at the god. If it is moist and sticks you may look for an answer, but if it is dry, like many of our tearless petitions, it will fall off and be offered in vain.

At the temple of Mercy I called on 33,333 gods and left one card and contribution to be divided among them all. These upright gods with extended hands looked like so many bleacherites after an umpire's rank decision.

Tired and sick of all this I went up hill and through streets lined with stores filled with dolls and gourd pottery to the temple of Kwannon, the goddess who cares for the sick and sad. Here I met the patron god, Dr. Binzuri, wooden, worn, weatherbeaten and over-worked. Believing it would help them, I saw natives rub the place on his body which corresponded to the sick or lame on theirs. When it came my turn I placed my hand on his head and then on mine, but am bald as ever and if I had not been lucky I might have received some other scalp things I did not care to have.

My faith was weak or he was a faker. Refreshed, however, by the smells and sound of the pines, and a drink from the dragon-mouthed fountain, I strolled

over to the shrine of the Lover's god, most unlovely, who sits behind wooden bars covered with knots of paper tied with the thumb and little finger of sweetheart hands. After these lovers marry they may visit the nearby shrine of Jizo, who loves children here, and beyond the grave protects them from the old hag Shozuka. Here were offerings of caps, bibs and toys.

This world is a cemetery and the tombstones of the dead are the milestones of life's journey. I saw no public funerals in Japan, and while there are private burial places in and near the homes, there are few public ones. I groped through one, noting the peculiarity of the head stones, decorations and inscriptions which I suppose were just as flattering as some lying epitaphs elsewhere that disfigure and blacken white marble. This reminds me. One day I bought some curios from a Jap merchant which pleased him so much that he asked me to step in and see his father's shrine. Our merchants generally take their customers to a variety show. We were entertained with a tombstone. There in the end of the room stood a little shrine in gold and lacquer. Every evening candles were lighted, fresh rice and wine were placed before it for the departed. "Heathen ancestral worship," you say, but to me a beautiful sight of filial remembrance and regard. In Japan "Honor thy father and thy mother" is observed in life and after death, while in America children talk about the "old man" and "old woman," hasten their death, hurry up their funeral, throw a wreath of unpaid flowers on the grave and scrap in the hack on the way home to see who will get the most of what is left.

In Tokyo I had my picture taken standing by a devil, but he was a little shrimp compared with the whale of a devil here, so that among "all the legions in horrid hell" there was none to top him. Do we worship what we love or fear? It must be the latter here, and how any real devil could be more fearsome I can't imagine. I think he must be the Prince of Darkness for he can scare all the other devils away.

Higashi Hongwangi is the profane sounding name for Japan's biggest and most beautiful temple. It only cost \$8,000,000, but holds something more precious than all its gold, lacquer ornaments, metal lanterns, and statue of Buddha with gold furnishings—twenty-nine long coils of rope. They look like hawsers, or cables, and were not made in Manila. They are brownish, black and fuzzy as if they might be a switch of hair from a big Buddha's wife. And hair it is, black, brown and white from the heads of women, young and old, who had it cut off and made it into ropes with which they hauled giant timbers to Kyoto and lifted them in their temple places. How many women workers in Christendom would sacrifice their crowning ornament and sing like saints while working like oxen? Shintoism with its patriotism and Buddhism with its ceremonialism may decay and be classed with the dead religions of the past, but so long as Charity is greater than faith and hope, the story of this temple built by women's unselfish love, like the devotion of Mary who used her hair for a towel to wipe her Saviour's feet, will be remembered till the end of time.

Israel worshipped the golden calf, like some of us,

Nineveh the winged bull, and here the Japs bow down before a big bronze bull whose worshippers must be homoeopathists and believe in the motto, "Similia similibus curantur," for they rub their affected head and heels on the same parts of his Durham anatomy. I have worked on a farm, but never saw such a tame, social looking bull as this one and would choose him from all the theological pastures I have known.

Weary Willies need not be afraid to enter the temples here for the watch-dog guardians are stone dead. Tourists who bought Japanese dogs from noted kennels lost them on the home voyage, but the two I got at a curio shop made the trip in safety and on my study hearth keep watch during my absence and grin their welcome on my return.

ALTOGETHER BATHS

Japan is the land of the Rising Sun, and daughter, who with the whole family will take their bath and leave the same water for you to swim in unless you set your alarm clock for a very early hour or sit up all night to get there first. Imagine a public bath, if you can, for many homes have no bathroom, where the water by 10 A. M. is like a roily creek after a rain; by 3 P. M. yellow as the Missouri and by bedtime like the mudgeysers of the Yellowstone.

The public bath was the one thing we wanted to see and kept asking about all day.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," and after visiting 2,738 of the 3,000 temples I wanted to get "next"

to a public bath. At last I discovered one and sent the guide ahead to reconnoiter. He said, "Come." I passed the word along and the ladies came, but wished they hadn't. We entered and I became a "looker on" at Venus in the bath, and not one but many, who made the painted females in the Uffizi look like chromos or Mrs. Jarley's wax works. They eyed us with an indifference that made us blush and look through our fingers for shame. With the ease that only a model for the altogether possesses they posed before the mirrors arranging their black hair, or poised like maids of the mist by the steam tank. Their type of beauty is different. Jap beauty is in angles, the American in curves; Nature made one with a ruler, the other with a compass. As a rule the baths for men and women are divided by a wooden partition at the end of which sits the proprietor or his wife on the lookout. Formerly there was no privacy and the fastidious foreigners insisted that the sexes should be separated. This was accomplished by placing a bamboo rod between them, but even that now is discarded in some sections. Everybody gets into the swim, thus beautifully illustrating the proverb, "Evil to him that evil thinks." O tempora, O mores!

The Japs are mild in their looks, manners and language. During two weeks of trying travel I saw no evidence of anger and heard no profanity from the natives except one monosyllabic word which a ricky boy had learned from a careless tourist of the former party. The worst curse here you can hurl at your most hated enemy is to make a face at him, point your finger and say, "Your navel is twisted."

MISTAKES OF A NIGHT

An Inn is an indicator of the ins and outs of a country's life. The average American globe-trotter thinks he isn't having a good time unless he stops at a hotel which is a little better than anything he has at home. If bed, board and a luxurious time is all, he might as well have gone to New York and been waited on by a Jap bell-hop.

Since our vocabulary was limited to "Ohio," "Say-onara," "Kum Bow wow" (hello, good afternoon and night) we asked our guide to find us a native Inn and make all the arrangements.

The first place was full and they only had a mat and a half left, whatever that might mean. But they served us with tea and sent a servant to another inn-keeper to see whether he could accommodate us. While drinking tea we were conscious of many bright kimonas, and black eyes peeping from behind the screen, with suppressed giggles at Americans drinking tea with their shoes on.

The servant found a place, we got in our rickshaw, splashed through the mud and arrived at a wayside inn, where the master received us and asked us to remove our shoes, which we did, though the place didn't seem very holy. A little live Japanese doll now appeared bowing her black head to the floor, and we all took tea. Then we went on a tour of inspection to see whether our rooms would suit. Not liking a hallway between the different members of the party I stumbled around, fell into a room no bigger than a wardrobe, slid a screen

to one side, asking why I couldn't have that room, and soon learned, for there sat a Jap on his knees, by a little table, eighteen inches high, studying by an electric light. The stranger seemed unmoved, and he certainly was, for the proprietor said he had been there sixteen years. After that I didn't slide any more screens. But if you're curious it isn't necessary; you have only to wet your thumb and thrust it through the wall paper to get as many views as Peeping Tom had of Lady Godiva. This hole privilege is, however, only claimed by the tourist who has no respect for the holy of holies at inn or temple.

Finally we discovered a room, and hungry with the exertion, asked for something to eat. What was our surprise when after all our effort to get away from everything American or English we were served with an American dinner by an English speaking cook. Soup, fish, beef, potatoes, rice, American white bread, tea and cake was the menu. Like a doubled up jackknife or Daibutsu we sat on our knees on little silk mats. It seemed easy at first, but soon we were in agony. I was so fat I had to straighten my legs, and succeeded in upsetting the table and so broke up the feast. About half-through the master of the house, with his wife, daughter and cook, all came in and saluted us with low bows. The cook spoke to us in good English. "I am the cook; I can speak a little English. How did you enjoy your dinner?" If I was surprised at the good meal I was more surprised at our linguistic cook, who, continuing, said: "I am through with my work and the master says I may be your guide for the evening if

you wish." He put on a silk kimona, we pulled on our shoes, climbed down the fragile stairs trying not to knock the paper-walled house down, and tucked in our rickshaws were off for the theatre through mud ankle deep.

The cook proved to be a regular Cook's guide, for we wove in and out dark streets and alleys till we came to the lighted broadway thronged with people splashing and clattering by. We stopped and entered what proved to be not a theatre but a moving picture show, and from the seats in the gallery box we saw the latest in films—silly stuff from America and historical Japanese reels. The native orchestra uttered shrieks and groans that suggested cemeteries and torture-chambers. Except for the hungry girl usher, who shoveled down three platefuls of boiled rice in as many minutes, the passing show outside was more interesting.

Wonderful to relate, our guide, for economical reasons, had dismissed the waiting rickshaws, and for ten minutes we trotted after him in the mud; he on raised stilted shoes had dry feet while our shoes were soaked and proved the Jap's understanding better than ours. Finally, like a rat in a hole, he darted in a little door cut in a big door of the hotel. We followed, bumping and thumping our way to our rooms. The Japs sleep on one mat, but they gave us three, so our beds were quite comfortable.

That night it rained cats and dogs, and some of the cats prowled and yowled over our heads. Towards morning I had fallen into an uneasy catnap when I was awakened by some one walking softly between me and the window. With visions of burglars I waked to find my cook guide, who asked what I wanted for break-

fast and whether I preferred a bath or a blind masseur. "If a bath, please not let the water out, for we use it again." So I ran a Marathon to get there first. The bath was a room with a tank about twelve inches deep in the floor with little chairs on the side. The man there before me had an attendant, who put a heavy bath-towel over his shoulders and poured boiling water on him from a tea kettle. He didn't seem to mind it in the least, but later I did very much, feeling as Artemus Ward when he jumped up as if biling water had been squirted in his ear. Parboiled and red as a lobster I went back to bed. I thought the scene would make a good lecture slide, so I had one Jap maid at my head and another at my foot, while my wife, who insisted on being present, took my picture.

The maids returned to the kitchen and said their pictures had been taken. This raised a riot of jealousy and envy, and once more the cook appeared, who had me take the picture of the daughter of the house, since she was considered one of the fairest maids of Kyoto. We breakfasted, paid our bills, were presented with hand-painted souvenirs and with a lot of bowing and scraping said "Sayonara."

KOBE

Kobe, as I remember it, is "some" town, bounded in front by a big, beautiful harbor dotted with shipping, and with a background of hills covered with trees. High up at one point the forests have been cut down in such a way as to leave the shape of an immense anchor in honor of Nogi's naval victory over the Russians. The

most unreliable guide in Japan lives here. He led me a devious route to a high plain, where he pointed to a monument "in memory of General Venus." It proved to be in memory of no man but of Venus when she made a memorial transit for a party of scientists who came here to watch her. Would that I had listened to no further fairy tales from my imaginative guide. He promised to take me to places and people which I never came to or met. Like Mary's little lamb, I followed him over hills, down steps, beyond city outskirts to the Kobe falls and tea house. His so-called short-cut had taken us two hours of hot, hard climbing, whereas if we had come in the regular roundabout way it would have taken fifteen minutes. Alas, it was only when we left him that I found a curio shop, where I bought a hand-carved money cane that I longed to wear out on him. We were so late at the tea houses that those who had come long before had left little but leaves in the cup, but they couldn't drink the water of the falls or buy the beauty of rock, forest and cascade scenery.

Beautiful tortoise shell is sold here, but their shell game put us in no mood for shopping, though we did take a chance on a lunch at the hotel to vary the ship bill of fare, and it was very poor, and so were we when we left.

INLAND SEA

The Inland Sea is worth seeing. Over its wide or narrow expanse dart, skip and skim boats like so many strange water bugs. We pass by many and various colored islands, and our bow like a needle threads them

like so many colored beads upon the white unrolling string of its wake. There are little villages which cling to the cliffs like limpets on a rock—native peasants as industrious on their heights as the lads in the land of the Midnight Sun. This was one of the best moving pictures of the trip, and I had all the thrills I have had in the St. Lawrence and Columbia rivers and Sitka harbor. But the real thriller was to be on a German ship, in Japanese waters, and see a boat with the Chinese name "Mongolia" floating the American flag.

NAGASAKI SILHOUETTES

Nagasaki left a charcoal sketch on the walls of my memory and some maps of darkest Africa on my face and white duck suit. You see there is an island near here filled with soft Japanese coal; they needed the money and we needed the coal. So barges filled with fuel and natives bumped our boat and, like so many pirates, men and women threw rope ladders on our decks, climbed them, forming a human chain, and like the old fire-bucket brigade passed on and up baskets of coal with the speed of grain-elevator buckets until the coal lockers were filled and the mate cried "hold enough," and blessed and not damned was he who thus officially cried, for we passengers, too, had taken on a cargo of coal dust all day. Made from dust, every night half-dead we returned to dust. We emerged from our cabins in the morning looking like stokers, unbathed went to breakfast, where the eggs were seasoned with salt and dust; trod over decks as dirty as those in the card room, and unlike Pinafore passengers were glad to seek the

seclusion which the shore instead of the cabin afforded.

In spite of all this there were many bright spots during the two days we stopped here.

Tired of temples, sick of shops, like Alexander we sighed for some new conquest. It came to us in the form of a reception by the genial German, C. F. Deichman, the American Consul. I liked him because he was from my old St. Louis, the town that combines patriotism and pleasure, and he brought them over here. Flags and flowers welcomed us outside, his speech and my reply from a high chair welcomed us inside, while our insides were welcome to everything from cake to champagne. I have seen a wheat field after grasshoppers have paid it a visit, and a Salvation Army Christmas dinner after the poor had devoured everything from the juicy legs of the chicken to the dry ones of the table, but you can search me if I ever saw or read or heard of any locust that so came down on the field as the tourists did on Deichman's hospitality. They gorged and guzzled, and not satisfied with filling their stomachs filled their pockets and handbags with all sorts of souvenirs, broke off branches of rare plants and flowers, and in general acted like a band of marauders. Our patriotism was a pillaging expedition, and under the guise of hands stretched across the sea the American trotter stretched out his hand, taking everything he could see that wasn't nailed down. This is not fiction. I wish it were—so does Deichman. I left with the hope and prayer that if he continued in government service here or elsewhere he might receive an extra allowance to indemnify him for the loss he sustained in our party's reception.

In Tokyo I had my picture taken standing by a devil, but he was a little shrimp compared with the whale of a devil here, so that among "all the legions in horrid hell" there was none to top him. Do we worship what we love or fear? It must be the latter here, and how any real devil could be more fearsome I can't imagine. I think he must be the Prince of Darkness for he can scare all the other devils away.

Higashi Hongwangi is the profane sounding name for Japan's biggest and most beautiful temple. It only cost \$8,000,000, but holds something more precious than all its gold, lacquer ornaments, metal lanterns, and statue of Buddha with gold furnishings—twenty-nine long coils of rope. They look like hawsers, or cables, and were not made in Manila. They are brownish, black and fuzzy as if they might be a switch of hair from a big Buddha's wife. And hair it is, black, brown and white from the heads of women, young and old, who had it cut off and made it into ropes with which they hauled giant timbers to Kyoto and lifted them in their temple places. How many women workers in Christendom would sacrifice their crowning ornament and sing like saints while working like oxen? Shintoism with its patriotism and Buddhism with its ceremonialism may decay and be classed with the dead religions of the past, but so long as Charity is greater than faith and hope, the story of this temple built by women's unselfish love, like the devotion of Mary who used her hair for a towel to wipe her Saviour's feet, will be remembered till the end of time.

Israel worshipped the golden calf, like some of us,

Nineveh the winged bull, and here the Japs bow down before a big bronze bull whose worshippers must be homoeopathists and believe in the motto, "Similia similibus curantur," for they rub their affected head and heels on the same parts of his Durham anatomy. I have worked on a farm, but never saw such a tame, social looking bull as this one and would choose him from all the theological pastures I have known.

Weary Willies need not be afraid to enter the temples here for the watch-dog guardians are stone dead. Tourists who bought Japanese dogs from noted kennels lost them on the home voyage, but the two I got at a curio shop made the trip in safety and on my study hearth keep watch during my absence and grin their welcome on my return.

ALTOGETHER BATHS

Japan is the land of the Rising Sun, and daughter, who with the whole family will take their bath and leave the same water for you to swim in unless you set your alarm clock for a very early hour or sit up all night to get there first. Imagine a public bath, if you can, for many homes have no bathroom, where the water by 10 A. M. is like a roily creek after a rain; by 3 P. M. yellow as the Missouri and by bedtime like the mud-geysers of the Yellowstone.

The public bath was the one thing we wanted to see and kept asking about all day.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," and after visiting 2,738 of the 3,000 temples I wanted to get "next"

saki was a good health resort. We saw the big camphor trees, went shopping and after seeing a number of temples visited the most famous Shinto shrine, known as the "Bronze Horse Temple." The horse stands on a pedestal and is a "Rosinante" nag compared with his bronze brothers in Venice stabled over the entrance to Saint Mark's Cathedral. Job and Carlyle would have found inspiration for a new paragraph on this Jap "galled jade."

MOGI

Mogi is a malodorous little fishing village out from Nagasaki, with so large a smell that a blind man could easily find it by following his nose. Coleridge, the poet, whose business it was to rely on imagination rather than on fact, counted sixty well defined and several stinks at Cologne. He would have been overpowered here and called for the help of a professor of higher mathematics to enumerate the volume and variety of odors we encountered from Nagasaki to this town.

A well-made road lassoes the intervening foothills, which are covered with cultivated fields; the peasants were all busy, the children were happy and more so when we threw them peanuts instead of pansies for thoughts. Men, women and oxen were carrying various loads, but the common one was a bamboo bucket affair balanced on both ends of a bamboo pole. These buckets were not filled with milk or cheese or vegetables, but with a human fertilizer which they had assiduously collected in accordance with the Scripture, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." I can never forget

the ascent or the descent to Mogi. From rocky road, through pretty forest, by picturesque ravine we reached the fishermen's huts with their nets by the shore and beach, where bathing mermaids can only be caught and carried home in a camera.

Here our "rickies" rested while we went down to the wharf, bargained for a barge-shaped boat and its lone fisherman, who looked like Charon and smelt like carrion. He paddled us out to a pretty promontory overlooking the Inland Sea, where we snap-shotted ad libitum. I had heard and read "No pictures here," because of the fortifications, but wondered at such lack of artistic appreciation, for there were many pictures here, and in spite of the mounted officer, who patrolled the shore, I got some of the best ever.

THE JAPANESE

Japan is no longer "The Land of the Rising Sun," but an empire of meridian splendor.

She has made more progress in fifty years than Europe in five hundred.

Permanent advance is seen not only in military, naval, political and commercial lines, but in educational, social, moral and religious life as well.

Her people are polite, patriotic, filial, æsthetic, stoical, generous and self-sacrificing.

Politically Japan is a factor to be recognized now, and in the future dealt with in all international problems.

As Fuji-yama lifts his snow-crowned head above the plain, even so the late Mikado rose above all former rulers.

He was a progressive spirit in science, art and education, the popularizing of government and the overthrow of China and Russia. Superstition reverenced him as a god and common sense revealed him a great human soul.

New problems confront the new emperor. If he is to realize his father's plans the individual must be given his rights, and woman must be elevated, for government can only be in public what society is in the home.

The young Japanese may admire the stoic sacrifice of General Nogi, but will prefer to live and work than die.

The cities of Japan welcomed us with flags and friendship, and their mayors and officials spoke of commerce not carnage, and emphasized love and not hate.

Japan acknowledges and appreciates the United States. The Pacific ocean no longer separates but unites us. Her back is turned on Asia and Europe, but her hands in sympathy are extended to America.

JAP-BAITERS

The California alien land bill was something that would have disgraced hell in its palmiest days.

It was a piece of political perfidy and rotten states rights—of proverbial buncombe—and of a race and religious bigotry that made the Oriental heathen a Christian saint in comparison.

The alien and undesirable citizen is not the patient Jap, but the labor jingo politician who loudly protests of loyalty to the United States, but is more disloyal and with less reason than the South ever was.

The Pacific states may well be jealous of the Jap; often his muscle is harder, his mind keener, his manners politer and his morals less vicious.

It makes one ashamed to be an American. I have boasted of Old Glory's liberty, equality and fraternity the world over and gave away hundreds of flag-stick pins in Japan, but California stained its red, white and blue and made the dear flag a dirty rag.

The Jap is our brother by creation, Providence and redemption; we are his keeper, and woe to us if we act the part of Cain and are branded with the war-red mark of fratricidal murder.

A CANTON NIGHTMARE

Canton was the city we were forbidden to peek in when we reached Hong Kong. A pirate held a promontory on the Pearl river and to make an international row threatened to shoot up the Cleveland party. In addition hundreds of revolutionists in Canton and vicinity were making each other look like chunks of Swiss cheese. So the captain said, "We can't go," the American consul, "You musn't go," but in the willful spirit of those who break the Ten Commandments we broke away and went, having wired Ah Cum, a revolutionist, to be our guide and meet us.

How to get away from Hong Kong and my wife now was a diplomatic question. That night I told her we would go ashore and see a show. However, she thought it strange that my boy should take a kodak when all we needed was an opera glass. She was suspicious, for when we were in the lighter she said, "Are you two going to Canton?" I said, "No," and L. "Yes," in the same breath, whereupon she dryly remarked, "You two better agree before you attempt that trip." We did, she to return to the ship, we to strike out for the steamboat wharf. The captain of the British boat refused to take us, not that he personally objected to having us shot, but he was officially restrained. So we went to the French boat, whose captain greeted us as cordially as Lafayette did Washington. He politely led us by the hold full of traveling Chinks lying on their bellies like sardines in a box and chaperoned by a mildly murderous looking man, who stood over their iron-barred door loaded with gifts for them in the form of a belt of cartridges, a sword and dirk and a bloody looking gun. He then took us to his cabin, where he entertained us with a description of the friendly reception his boat had received the night before, and when I seemed incredulous he took me to my room on the upper deck, where I had Iago's "ocular proof" and left me. The marks of affection were bullet holes in the door. They were unnecessary for ventilation, for it was a cold, rainy night. I was half-frozen with fear and the scant drapery of my couch brought me no pleasant dreams, on the contrary I imagined the "death by the seventy-two cuts," and was brought back to life by Heck of Pittsburg, who with

the fervor of a steel blast plant asked me what was the matter.

I rose early, went out into the dampness and the captain told me all of the terrible Chinese stories he had thought of since he had said good night. Toward morning there was the grotesque outline of an old fort, a little island stained by some dark murder, a place where pirates had scuttled a ship, a picturesque pagoda looking like an eight-story Easter bonnet, Grecian-bend shaped junk boats and sampans, like big broken barrels floating along. Later scores of them swarmed by our side, natives nimble as monkies clambered over our decks, rushed to the Chinese passengers, dropped them and their bundles in their boats and ferried them off. For aught I knew my turn was next, but there ahead of us, "by the dawn's early light," I saw floating from the mast of a small gunboat the Star-Spangled banner and I knew I was "free," because the American sailors were "brave."

Now we met the guide, who said, "Ah cum with me," got down into a little boat, which resembled a log in a big jam and made our way to the Shameen, the Foreign Quarter, where we felt at home with its broad streets and fragrant flowers, in contrast with the narrow alleys and fearful smells we were to endure. Coolies carried us in coffin-shaped chairs to the Victoria hotel, where we registered so that if we were killed during the day they could send word to the insurance companies to settle with our relatives. By a six-foot sandbag and barb wire top wall, which had served as a barricade for the last few days, I crossed a stinking canal, and en-

tered the city it would take another Dante to describe.

We were told to follow the leader, and that if our hats were knocked off, or we were struck by a brick, had a dead cat or rat thrust under our nose, or a bucket of an ill-smelling fluid thrown into our face, we were to smile, turn the other cheek and say thanks. This was good advice, for we were unarmed, the city was under military law, soldiers were at every gate and crossing patrolling the streets. Guns had just raked the walks and we were willing to hoe our own row. To the reader who says "Pooh, bah, there was no danger," had he been there he would have been out of sight with the terrified women and children.

Cum led the way. The advance couriers gave a signal cry like a dog baying the moon and the crowd parted like the Red Sea before Moses. The streets were so narrow and the show windows so near that I could have been a shoplifter with both hands, and there was a variety of stock to select from, silk and embroideries, carved wood and ivory, gold, silver, jade and feather-work; or if hungry there was a free lunch counter extending along the streets with tea and rice, live fish and whitewashed looking fowls, glazed ducks, gory pigs, a choice assortment of fresh entrails, some dead dogs and rats, crates of yowling cats, huge cauldrons of slimy soup thickened with animal, vegetable and other matter that would make the Witch's cauldron in Macbeth look like a cup of consomme in comparison.

To aid digestion apothecary shops offered old orange and lemon peel, dried herbs and bladders, and if this proved unavailing on the way to the cemetery there

were many opportunities to select a suitable box in which to shuffle off your mortal coil. Now and then we passed a jaded looking fellow carrying big blocks of jade, as if it were so many paving stones; in a rickety old building with rudest tools men carved a dozen ivory balls, one within another out of a single piece; I made no purchase, because "solid ivory" pinheads are very common in America; at a jeweler shop I had a Kingfisher feather stickpin made which a New York thief later flew away with; there's a thread-needle street in London and one devoted to tailors here. Why so many I couldn't see, because in winter time the Cantonese only wear a pair of pants and in the summer only half of that.

At the temple of the five hundred Genii, where the prayers of the holy had given way to the harangues of the politicians, we saw a gilded statue big as life of the first European globe-trotter to China, Marco Polo. Such a traveler was a novelty then, but now is a nuisance. We went by old walls whose painted dragons the new Chinese had wiped out; by temples whose only occupants were a few second-hand gods and bats; took time to visit the water clock tower, where drops of water instead of grains of sand mark the time of China's millions toward the grave; passed through gates of the old city wall to the hillside where hundreds had been shot and the Revolution flag was flying; looked into the cemetery where the poor common people rest after life's fitful fever, while the restless rich, who shunned them in life, lie apart from them in the City of the Dead, visited by relatives who offer fruit and flowers to their departed spirits. Like mummies in a museum they sleep unburied

in their rich caskets and await the grafting geomancer, that oriental undertaker who promises the relatives to find some place in the ground undisturbed by the Great Dragon.

By the religious milestone of the five-storied weedy, seedy pagoda, where the oracles are dumb, we headed for the Execution grounds in the pottery district, where the sharp sword had sent many a man back to his original clay. China is becoming civilized now and stands her criminals up against a wall and shoots them.

The execution ground was remote and in the riot district, but Cum was willing to risk it, and where he led we followed. Down by bullet-riddled streets and through curious crowds we came to this modern Aceldema. Here was a narrow alley lined with earthen pots covered with mats, under which were fleshless skulls. One of them seemed to look imploringly at me and I picked it up; alas some poor Chinese Yorick. I was anxious to see the man who struck the fearful blow and Cum called the executioner, who came out with a knife estimated to have cut off three hundred thousand heads in thirty years. Like Othello, his occupation was gone, and so to please him I gave him a piece of money and kneeled down while he lifted the razor-edge of the sword over my bared neck to give me a close shave. The photo shows the movement of the knife as if he moved it from force of habit, or was moved to do it because my neck looked so inviting. When I throw a slide of this in my lecture the audience sadly sighs, "What might have been." By this time a large crowd had come to see the unusual thing of a foreigner losing his head, though in



DEAD MEMORIES

private and public I have often been in that predicament. Cum made a sign to a nearby soldier, showed his badge and the officer dispersed the crowd with a two-minute speeeech, which translated meant "There's noth-ing doing." So we came, saw and got away.

In an ivory factory, where the men were at rest, we retired to a back room and worked our ivories on a light midday lunch of chicken, mutton, beef, pork, eggs, pickles, bread, cake and a few other tit-bits. But somehow the air outside and the cobwebs inside didn't make us ravenous, so we invited the coolies in and they shoveled it down in a way that reminded me of a time when I had forgotten the furnace and then hurried and piled in the coal.

I went to the home of a wealthy mandarin, who had hastily left at the approach of the Revolutionists. The former living room was now a store room for the display and sale of beautiful silks, but there was something more attractive to me than this, his pretty garden with trees, palms, flowers, lanterns and statues. A friend gave me a cigaret to smoke, but there were enough vile odors and I didn't want the city to blow up with spontaneous combustion. On the way to the bund and the boat we met a political procession carrying flags and a banner inviting the people to come out to hear a big gun make a report on some burning issue. Buildings along the bund bore bullet-marks of recent date, soldiers were there and the people moved up and down with looks of anxiety, not knowing at what moment the soldiers might reduce the city's population by another five hundred. Cum left us at the boat. We paid him a good price for

his service, but were well paid in return. If you want to see Canton he is the man who knows, and I gladly add tribute to the golden opinions which he and his family have won from worldwide travelers. The boat was steaming up, but there was a little time left. I asked the captain where to go. He said, "If you're wise you won't go anywhere; just hang around the wharf." I did.

Near the shore there was a dump heap, and crawling over it a something I couldn't distinguish as man or beast. Going down to investigate I found it was both. An old man half-blind and ragged was using his talon fingernails as lunch hooks for stuff a well-bred pig would never touch. The sight was touching. He touched me for a piece of silver and L. kodaked the scene. I had read and heard of that peculiar form of warfare—how the Chinese hurl stink-pots at their enemies and overcome them; it seemed strange then, but I understand it now. There must be a shop near by where they manufacture tin cans, bottles and earthen jars, fill them with Canton smells and ship them to the front.

The misnomered Pearl river before me was dirty, covered with old boats and driftwood sampans, many of whose occupants are born, live, labor and die without ever coming ashore. There were men lounging or poling, roosters crowing, women cooking, and children fastened by ropes to mother' waists or posts to keep them from being drowned. These houseboats are famous. The flower boats used to be infamous with their deviltry and disease, but the Vice Commission has put them out of business.

Bayard Taylor said China was a good place to leave, and we were not so sorry when the whistle blew to cast off and say good-bye to the city of dreadful sights, sounds, suffering and smells, yet I felt thoroughly repaid for the danger, the dirt and the dollars the day had cost.

"SAVING FACE"

There was one thing in Canton I missed that I will always regret—the wonderful spectacle the captain told me he had seen by the wharf some time before. A sampan man had beaten his wife and thrown her on the dock, where she sat and chanted in a monotonous voice while a hundred men gathered round and watched the interesting ceremony. She referred to her husband and his ancestors, then scraped up a little pile of dirt, spat on it, moulded it into the image of a man, and addressing it with a few words suddenly knelt and foully insulted it, and so eased her conscience, or balanced the books of honor and saved her face. The philosophy is as subtle as strange, and there are four hundred million people who daily practice it. That act closed the incident; by it she was avenged, her husband was punished, she had satisfied her honor as wife and would go back home to the sampan and act as if her lord had never mistreated her. The Chinese always were good philosophers, and it would be well if some other people who suffer from real or imagined insult, and are always grouchy because they can neither forgive nor forget, would practice "saving face," and so save themselves and others a lot of misery. .

MACAO'S JOINTS

The river ride to Macao was beautiful, the setting sun turned the Pearl into a Golden river, the pagodas and fields into a landscape picture with a golden frame and our thoughts to the supper table with its golden butter, oranges, eggs and cakes, which we were glad to exchange for gold. We were to reach Macao at midnight, and leaving an early call, took a short sleep after our long day's work. The whistle waked us and going out on deck we were surprised to find officers on the wharf embracing the coolies as if to relieve them of their hard won spoils of fan-tan which they had won during the night, but the honest officials were only searching for concealed arms, but found only those which Nature had allowed and provided.

We were in the old Portuguese town of Macao, once noisy and busy, now still and sleepy as the night around us, and livened only by our stumbling up the stony streets, the howl of a dog and the halloo of a drunk. Lured by will o' the wisp lamp we walked from pillar to post of one hotel to another before we could get anybody to understand that we wanted to get something to eat and drink and have a midnight serenade from lady musicians who sing and play. After bribes and entreaties we had a limited entertainment. Our applause to the fair dames' screeching, squeaking and scraping brought up the servants to share the sport and brought down the malediction of the older people, who wondered what pirates were looting the house. These Portuguese did all they could for our entertainment, but the

talent was poor and the time was tame compared with some nights I had spent in Lisbon.

Gambling, next to loafing and the manufacture of opium, is the principal occupation of the youngest and oldest inhabitants. We hied away, hiked through dark, echoing streets to where a first-class fan-tan game was in progress. Macao is the oriental Monte Carlo. Backed by the government it gets back a certain percent of the earnings which it invests in hospitals, asylums and cheap lodgings for the people who have been beaten at the game. You could gamble at the big table downstairs or drop into the game by lowering your money in a small basket from the balcony above. Tired of the game you could eat, thirsty get a drink, or if sleepy take the opium pipe train of thought to where every day is Sunday. All I lost here was time and sleep, so I made haste to get back to the boat, which was to be my hotel till eight the next morning, when a Christian Portuguese guide was to show me the proper way of seeing the town.

MAKING OPIUM

He came bright and early; we followed him along the shore, which had an ancient and fish-like smell; by pyramids of fresh fish that looked like pearl, and other fish like dry piles of sand, to the world-famed opium factory that supplies so much of the sleepy drug. We entered a low-ceiling room where men were stripped to the waist like blacksmiths at their forge. They picked up the crude opium, shaped like a cocoanut shell, scooped out its chocolate looking

substance, threw it in a kind of brass wash-basin under which roared the fire, until it steamed and blubbered like a pot of hot mush or molasses. They darted here and there, like imps, with these pans. Then the liquid was poured in porcelain boxes of various sizes. The whole place seemed like the stoke-room of some infernal suburb or the Devil's smithy shop where chains were being forged for lost souls. The odor was peculiar and penetrating. I must have absorbed some of the dope, for I felt dizzy and was glad to get outside in the fresh air. I wanted to buy some to take home as a souvenir; it was against the law, but there was so much smuggling I knew I could get some in my home town. Like Saul and David, drink hath slain its thousands and opium its tens of thousands. An occasional De Quincey or Coleridge is too high a price to pay for the terrible habit.

A JOSS HOUSE

However, some people prefer tobacco and so we visited a factory where little children and old women were at work sorting tobacco leaves. It was a sorry sight, but it was about the only reputable thing for them to do in this semi-Christian town of gambling and opium smoking. After opium and tobacco factories it was about time to attend religious services, so we headed for a Chinese temple. The portals were decorated by acrobatic fish who stood on their heads, and for joy I was almost willing to do the same thing when I learned I could enter without taking off my

shoes. Here I saw an elderly woman seriously flipping "fortune-sticks" into the air. The position they fell into showed whether she was to have good or bad luck. It was long before they landed just right, then she smiled and made an offering of a tray full of solid food and dessert to a wooden, dyspeptic looking god, which would have feasted a laborer and his family for several days. She lighted some joss-sticks, stuck them in the sand and left the temple as happy as some of her Christian sisters on Easter morning who remember nothing of the pastor's sermon and everything of the new style which knelt before them, and hurry home happy in the thought that by next Sunday they will have something just like it or a little better. Later in the day we saw the earthquake ruin of the old Jesuit church of San Paulo. At the hotel I asked why it had not been rebuilt and an intelligent looking Chinaman who spoke English said: "We no need it—we come here first, they make religion like ours, we just as good." I smiled, said nothing but thought a good deal as I had at other times and places when the same problem came up, in a different guise.

FIRE CRACKERS

Since this was our guide's native town, he knew everybody and could take us everywhere. From public park along the road he led us to private park with garden and pond, in the center of which was a rest-pagoda, and through the house, royal and rich in furnishing. Then our rickies rolled along the avenue drive where instead of lake was a beautiful bay—on

by lighthouse and up slope to fire-cracker factories, where men, women and children were walking barefoot among the powder rooms, or in the near-by houses were doubling and rolling the red paper and inserting the fuses and packing the fire-crackers by the million, so there would be enough to frighten away the evil spirits there, and make glorious our Fourth of July, translating the word liberty into light, noise and powder smell except where such celebration had been crowded out by a "long" visit to the cemetery, listening to a dead oration, carrying a paper flag, eating peanuts and quaffing pink lemonade. Then we rode along the highway to Canton as far as the boundary gate between the Portuguese and Chinese territory, and watched the weary travelers, oddly dressed and heavily loaded with household goods, disappear in the distance toward the hills beyond which lay Canton, the end of their journey.

We hadn't been to a gambling place since midnight and passing a large skating-rink-like looking building which was a lottery we jammed our way through the door, where we saw thousands of natives watch the big wheel go round and their fortunes up and down with it. One hand of the government turns this wheel and with the other takes enough of the gambling money to support the city, the home church and foreign missions.

A PERSECUTED POET

The next thing on the program was the grotto of Camoens, Portugal's greatest poet, who was banished here for writing a satire that showed up the graft of

some Portuguese officials. The sixteen years' dreary night of his banishment here brought out the stars of his genius, which shine in the "Lusiad," his nation's greatest epic. There is little poetic inspiration in Macao now; there was when he was there, but it winged its flight when the poor man returned to Lisbon and died in a public hospital.

The Portuguese is a difficult and almost impossible language, and when the tourist tries to read or translate some of Camoens' verses, inscribed on the marble in the grotto, his bust just above it seems to smile and say, "If you want to be happy don't write or read poetry." We were taken to the hotel, to be served on the balcony, look at the quiet bay and the lovely islands, and the Cleveland party, steaming in, rush for rickshaws, trail along the beach like a sea-serpent and try to see all that we had in two short hours before their boat whistled "all aboard."

HOSPITALITY

After dinner, mistaking a private residence for a public club, my knock was answered by the owner, who, instead of setting his dogs on us, welcomed us in broken English, showed us his flower garden and collections of books, paintings and porcelain. When I opened the piano and played he opened a bottle of something that perfumed the whole room and "tasted like more." Had I been his prospective rich son-in-law he couldn't have done more for me, and so, after taking pictures of his attractive home, wife and chil-

dren, we took our leave. I lost my umbrella and he summoned servants to look for it and personally brought it to me, not because it was not worth keeping, but "maybe you'll want it before you get home." The Portuguese are great discoverers, so was I to discover one man in the world who would return a good umbrella.

Once on the boat and headed for Hong Kong, we were besieged by our tourist friends, who looked at our Canton revolutionary badges and asked us how we dared go without them. The truth seemed stranger than fiction when I told them some things I have already written and others I have neither time, space nor inclination to print. They looked surprised and skeptical, as if they wished I had never gone there or had not escaped alive. "Sour grapes" are too frequent diet with many tourists. Once away from this madding throng of questioners, and where that Sunday afternoon I could commune with my heart and be still, I felt that if John the Divine had been aboard the scenery would have suggested a new description of the River and Tree of Life.

HONG KONG

John Milton was called the "celestial thief," and John Bull tried to imitate him by drugging John Chinaman with opium. When he resisted and fought for his life John Bull grew very red in the face, pushed his low crowned hat over his forehead, and, like Bill Sikes with bull dog and cane, slugged him and grabbed the swag, Hong Kong, which he calls "indemnity."

"Victoria" is the English name for Hong Kong, a "queenly" city enthroned on a mountain that overlooks a harbor filled with sails and smokestacks from everywhere.

What the Eiffel tower is to Paris Victoria peak is to Hong Kong, and the first thing the traveler wants to do is to get on top. So sallow, sulky Chinks rushed us to the station. I am generally spotted at home, but here incog. I was jiggled and jogged and jerked to a kind of half-way house where we could either take a sedan, or guide, or to our heels and go to the top. I took the last and got there first. I gazed north, south, east and west and felt the poet's "mist in my face and fog in my throat." Looking at the Marconi just over my head, I wished I could send a message for relief. I found it by going down to a hotel where I bought some pictures and post-cards of the scenes I had missed. Victoria peak, like woman, is coy and uncertain.

In the wide-streeted, well built city I was constantly mistaking haberdasher shops for royal residences, but discovered the difference by the cool reception of the one and the cordiality of the other. There were only two things I purchased here, a white helmet to keep a cool head and a little book of oriental philosophy to keep sweet-tempered in the terrible tropics which were hereafter to be the polite name for a profane place one might be inclined to invite his dearest enemy. Taking a rubber-neck car-ride along the shore, we fell in with an American sailor who was as glad to learn we were from the States as a colored Georgia

gentleman is to find a watermelon. He pointed with pride to the little boat of which he was engineer, told of up-river China trips and encounters with pirates that made my few hairs porcupinish, and that this same boat once had as ballast, bags of gold taken from a Spanish cruiser in the late war.

At night the city from bay to peak and along the streets sparkled with electric lights as the stars overhead. There was to be a star performance at a Chinese theatre and we left the glory of the outside for the glare of the inside. There was a full house, so we were seated on the stage. The play was melodramatic and in places "quite rotten." There were no women on the stage except the tourists because the Chinese actresses are men. The orchestra at the back of the stage played a timeless, tuneless thing which probably incited the performers to commit murder and suicide so often. The thing that caught me more than play or players was the audience. They sat through it all, laughing and crying, smoking cigarettes, drinking tea, eating rice and sweets, much as some society people do in our theatres to keep awake, be social and fill up the emptiness of the performance.

LOST

When my Hong Kong guide dies he will go to the limbo of liars and I wanted to send him there that night. Leaving the theatre, we asked to see the sights of the town. He said there were none and tried to hustle us to the ship. The party wanted to see the

palatial Chinese clubs and resorts. He said the ladies could not go and tried to compromise on a bazaar, although Mabel said this was awful. Here we left the ladies with a Sikh policeman to show them around, while we rushed down the hill and entered the exclusive Chinese club house and gardens where wealthy natives were eating, drinking, smoking and telling the girls stories. There was some class if no character to this club, because no white man could spend a dollar in it. Returning to the bazaar, we met the ladies of the party and told them our experience and asked theirs—it was just like ours, for they had visited a similar place near by.

Starting back, our colossal idiot guide, without telling the coolies where he was going, simply said, "Follow me." This was difficult, the streets were dark, we got in a mix and smash up, my coolie had his leg cut, and finally limped away and left me alone. Lost in London was nothing to this, and before I could get another coolie our party had disappeared. From twelve till two a. m. I went to places and took in sights that were not included in the itinerary. In the meantime the guide and the rest of the party had landed at the pier, and when Mrs. M. asked where I was he consoled her by saying: "He went into a saloon to get a drink." My wife stood up for me and said I didn't drink, and that if I did I wouldn't go alone and get a drink, and that he had lost me and I might be robbed and killed. By this time I was tired of my joy-ride, for he had even taken me to the fort. I was so furious he thought I ought to be in the guard house. Nothing

remained but the wharf, and as I was a foreigner and ought to be shipped home he headed for the pier. When I appeared in the distance under an electric light I heard a very familiar voice, "There he is!" Yes, I was, the kidnapped husband had returned. I began to roast the guide where she left off, then we roasted him together and ended by telling the low-browed Briton that for ways dark and tricks vain he was worse than any Heathen Chinee, dead or alive. Feeling relieved, I went to my boat and bed, a "sadder and a wiser man," to dream that some people are as bad as they look, but this guide was a great deal worse.

JOHN CHINAMAN

China's history runs back to the twilight of uncertainty and the night of forgetfulness. Her people are as numerous as the sands of the sea—her mines are filled with mineral wealth and her forests abound in the most valuable woods; her religion is ancestral and literary, harking back to the time of Confucius; her education includes philosophy, art and science; her inventions of chart and compass, printing and powder are among the greatest and earliest.

The Dragon of old China has been slain by the angel of Republicanism. Tennyson's couplet is revised to read, "Better fifty years of Cathay than a cycle of Europe." China has made more progress in customs and laws, education, missions, railroads, ships and newspapers in a decade than in many previous centuries.

Instead of beheading she cuts off queues; no longer

strangles women, but unbinds their feet; has dumped overboard opium as our forefathers did the tea, and made a bonfire of the pipes to celebrate the event. The well-educated man now must know something besides the classics and in dress has adopted European styles. America feels complimented that Sun Yat Sen was educated in her schools, that the Old Empire has adopted a republican form of government and had enough faith in Christianity to ask to be remembered in her prayers.

China may not be a model of virtue, but she is not as flagrant as some of her sister Eastern countries and as flaunting as her brothers in the West. Political "squeeze" graft is less reputable in public life, while high honor and honesty characterize private business. Though by nature vindictive, superstitious and addicted to gambling, there is filial love of parents, alive or dead, which is worthy of imitation.

"The Yellow Peril" is more the American press than the Chinese. All they ever wanted was to be let alone.

Americans are better liked in China than any other nation in spite of sandlot hoodlumism. In 1798 we had a consulate at Canton. We never trafficked in her opium, or sought to grab Chinese territory, and returned the Boxer steal indemnity.

There are worse people today from other nations in our country and possessions than the Chinese. Their heathen attitude toward us has often been more Christian than ours to them. We can afford to be friendly to the biggest and wealthiest nation of Asia, whose

four hundred millions are awake and have set out on a march that will ultimately affect the destiny of Europe and America.

MANILA FRIENDS

You might as well hang a dog as give it a bad name, and this was about true of the natives of those islands which were called the Philippines after Philip II of Spain, the bigoted butcher who tried to sail his soul to heaven on seas of Christian blood. They may still have a bad name, but they have a better nature. In legislation, education, sanitation and toleration they have made more progress in ten years under Uncle Sam than under Spanish misrule in centuries.

I felt more at home in Manila than anywhere on the trip. The waves of the bay said, "Hello"; Old Glory clapped her starry hands; and before I got ashore my friend Easthagen of Minneapolis met me at the gang plank with a "Hello, Golightly," pushed me into an auto for a fifty-mile ride over Aguinaldo battle-fields where he had fought; by public schools filled with native children who cheered and scrambled for the flags I flung them; by a convent Dewey used as target, and another that had served as a war-barracks but now was a peaceful reform school; by wallows full of big-horned, mild-eyed cariboo and villages swarming with naked children, whose mothers were working hard to clothe them to the tune of Singer machines.

Baseball is America's national sport, Spain's a bull fight and a cock fight the Philippines'. If his hut

was burning up a Filipino would try and save the prize rooster before he did his wife or baby. In Manila the rooster is a rara avis—we had heard so much about him and his feats that I wanted to see him in action, so I adjourned to a churchyard, where a cock-pit was improvised in front of the cathedral door, and solemnly looked on at a prize-rooster fight. The fine points of the game that most appealed to me were the long spurs and the sharp beaks, but as I was chicken-hearted and didn't want any bloodshed, I called the thing off.

In the evening the Army and Navy Club gave a ball, Shriners and Elks entertained and all the passengers had a good time, no one had a dry time, and in the early morning I helped one of them up the gang who had "gang agley" and found grief and pain for promised joy. As usual, the ladies were captured with brass buttons, and danced and flirted to their heart's delight. They say a lion is a terrible thing among ladies, but when it comes to breaking hearts the soldier is the conquering hero and king beast.

Speaking of Manila hospitality, I want to mention an American named Maddox whom I met by accident. He ran a livery and garage just to be a good fellow; although the weather was warm and he was fat he walked long distances with me, went sight seeing and when I was thirsty he gave me a drink—of lemonade—and his auto, on a rush order, for Mrs. M. to have a tooth pulled. Easthagen and Maddox were a sample of the hospitality which the city of Manila extended the Cleveland party, despite the oral statement

of any boat officer or paid correspondent of the cruises to the contrary. Manila not only offered us the glad hand of welcome, but dug down with the other to pay the bill for entertainment over and above that included in the cruise. Gladly and generously merchants shut up their shops, opened their homes and at a sacrifice of time and money said there wasn't anything too good for an American. Judge Elliott, then governor of the islands, now in Minneapolis, told me the city's entertainment of the tourist was paid from a fund voted for the purpose and that any one who denied it was either mistaken or malicious.

The Green River, on which you are guaranteed a sail "without a headache," seems to have many tributaries all over the world—here a big sign on the river-bank said Green River, but the geography says the Pasig. Both rivers seem to be much in use, the former for drinking purposes and the latter as a "chaser." We launched by warehouses, factories and thatched huts standing on stilts to keep dry, with a background of bamboo; by women washing their hair, their children, or the family clothes; by boys swimming; by the water-loving caribou who deserts driver and load and plunges in the river where he hides all but his nose. One of them stood in the water with a girl on his back like Europa and the bull, while natives dredged the river by using their feet as shovels to scoop the mud up in buckets which they dived down to lift up and unload.

When you visit the Manila hospital you almost wish you were sick. It beats some seaside resorts and is so

beautifully situated and big that it's breezy on the hottest day and to every patient. Uncle Sam not only takes care of his nephews and nieces when they are sick, but tries to keep them well, for he sends an inspector to their homes to see that they are free from bugs and that the inmates take a bath.

The best manual school with manual training and domestic science in the world is here. I stopped and looked in one, and when I looked in they stopped, so I went in another room where Filipino boys and girls were rehearsing "As You Like It." There was no doubt that they did—I liked it so much that I said some nice things privately to the pretty American teacher. The students wondered what I was trying to do and acted as if they didn't like it, so the teacher told me to talk to them, which I did in a complimentary way without telling them what I had told her.

IN JAIL

The most famous school in the world, in a way, is the Bilibid prison, where the five thousand pupils are not only taught a trade for their hands, but to think right with their heads and feel right with their hearts. The object here is not revenge but reformation. After a day's work they listen to the band, salute the flag and spend the evening at night school or looking at pictures and listening to some lecture. The prisoners are taught music that they may enter the band, and the band plays well. I know some other bands that ought to be there—but not to play, just as a punishment for the crimes they have incited other men to commit.

Garroting was an old Spanish form of punishment. The victim sat in a chair while the photographer-looking executioner adjusted a rest at the back of his neck, asked him to smile and look pleasant, as if he were about to have his picture taken, turned the screw and "snapped" his neck. If this seemed positively cruel there was a negative result. I sat in this grim chair, native prisoners, just arrested, had a front seat to the show, Easthagen adjusted the neck rest and L. snapped me—with the kodak. The garroting chair is second-hand furniture now and has been succeeded by the modern electric chair. How many people have been rocked to eternal sleep by these two chairs. They are bad chairs to fall asleep in. Let us be good and keep awake.

Fort McKinley is one of the biggest and best army posts in all the world and is a fitting memorial to the mind and heart of the martyr president whose prayer for "benevolent assimilation" has been answered.

After the river trip we came back to the city. By the shore was the little boat "Can Do" which attempted to do what the Cleveland had done, but was wrecked off Borneo, the wild graveyard coast where lie the skeleton ribs of many a gallant ship.

The city was a hive of industry and the stores filled with everything you want or don't want to wear, to eat or to drink; you dodge caribou in the street as a matador does a bull; on the corners jostle men who seem to have nothing to do but wear white suits, Manila hats, carry a cane and smoke Manila rope; ogle the dark-haired, black-eyed Filipino girls wearing bright-



GETTING IT IN THE NECK WITH GARROTE



colored skirts, large sleeved and collared waists of native cloth so gauzy and transparent that we wondered where Nature ended and art began.

All roads lead to the Luneta, where gather every night Manila's beauty and chivalry. People walk and talk, and look and laugh, and lounge and listen, the band plays Sousa and American airs, the natives go to their homes and we to the ship to think of and pray for those so near and yet so far.

COL. NUTTY

Of course Colonel Nutty had something to say in the club about America taking over the Philippines. It was a shame, he declared, and the unpardonable sin against the Monroe doctrine. If he had not already been "cracked" he should have been knocked down by the club.

I believe the Filipino was a foundling placed by Providence on Uncle Sam's doorstep. The laws of Heaven and humanity made him hear its cry, take it in, wash it, clothe it, send it to school, to church where it could conscientiously worship God, and set it to work at whatever its hand could best do.

Now when young Filipino is self-supporting, but still needs a guiding hand, Uncle Sam is asked to turn him out doors to be kidnapped, robbed and enslaved by neighbor nations.

Colonel Nutty and his whole family know as much about the Philippine problem as the foreigner did of English, at the banquet, when he asked the waiter to pass him the "compost."

TABLE MANNERS

It was hot as Hades as we neared the equator. One day at lunch my table neighbor appeared in a natty silk shirt with sleeves rolled up. Before he could wet his lips with water or soup the chief steward came and asked him to put on his coat. Doctor Mockett wanted to know why a lady could sit with low-neck and short sleeves but a man had to wear a coat. The steward answered "It is the style." That settled it, he put on his coat and shut up. It is to laugh. A man boasts of freedom, but woman takes some "liberties" he is not allowed. When fickle Fashion sways her scepter woman takes off some wraps and man wraps himself up in more.

Ours was always a well "bread" party. Pillsbury did his "best" and Fleischmann could always make a "raise."

CROSSING THE EQUATOR

The equator is an imaginary line, but I'm not lying when I say I was nearly drowned in crossing it. Neptune boarded the boat the night before and said we would have to wash up before we entered his domain, and that he would send somebody to do the job. The next day strange men climbed over the boat with rope whiskers and sea-weed in their hair, fantastically garbed, snorting like sea-monsters and to the accompaniment of weird music sat down to a tribunal erected over a big canvas tank of seawater. Certain persons who seemed to need a bath more than others were selected. I was one, and was asked whether I'd have a shave or haircut. I pulled off my white duck suit to

the amusement of the spectators and a moment later they gasped to see me shed my underwear, and the captain was about to stop this Mary Garden disrobing act when he discovered I had on a bathing suit underneath. Opening my mouth to answer a question it was filled with a bucket of soapsuds, a barrel stave razor was drawn over my face and I was pushed backwards and fell into the hands of some Neptune villains, who ducked me three times until my face was black as their bodies. If death is the absence of breath I was nearer the need of an undertaker than ever before. In the struggle for life a heavy ring was torn from my finger, but when I got my breath and ring back I used the one as a brass knuckle and the other to object to burial in a watery grave. Then I was politely kicked through a canvas tube, drenched with a hose and came out christened with the fitting name of "Boot-Mark," and later given a certificate which entitled me to sail all the seas without further scrubbing. As a Baptist I had taken my medicine and the Paedo-Baptists who had laughingly witnessed the ceremony suddenly became candidates for sprinkling. A fire hose which had looked like a torpid snake became active and hissed a stream of water over hats, waists, coats and kodaks, and I was the best man, for I laughed last.

JAVA

You can't beat the Dutch in home-government in Holland, or colonial government at Java. The fact is that the best we have in American civilization is but a homeopathic preparation of Holland-Dutch dope.

Java is an island where most of the mountains and all of the men smoke. Its canals reminded me of Amsterdam and the other profane-named cities of Holland. Here the transplanted Dutch thrive like tulips in their native land. These Java burghers eat big meals, smoke long pipes, take many naps and the circumference of their waist-line would do for illustrations in spherical trigonometry. They are hearty and happy, but seemed haughty to some of the tourists because they didn't rush down to the boat, kiss them and offer them a pipe of Peace. Mein Herr is so prosperous that most of his time is spent in counting his guilders without waiting on the tourist to get a few more.

We were called bright and early and it only took about half a day to make the landing a couple miles away. The Dutch are proverbially slow, every little boy's name is loaded with all the letters of the alphabet, and the towns require some additional vowels and consonants. But as a diamond represents a load of charcoal even so the Dutch name Batavia includes Tandjong Priok and Weltevreden.

From sea-port to capital palace the train wheezed by little grass houses perched on poles like martin boxes in a forest of foliage and flowers. At the station we were dumped into a dos-a-dos, a two-wheeled sulky cart, and sitting back to back like pouting lovers were jolted by park, palace, street, store, and canals which the little brown-skinned people use as public baths and laundries and where nothing offends the critical eye or nose of those who pass by.

But it was different at the big Museum, where the

innocent traveler saw a lot of hideous idols and indecent symbols not mentioned in the catalogue or guide book, or referred to above a whisper in polite society. These Javanesers were the limit. Its specimens of art, architecture, idols, utensils, arms, dress and ornament are numberless and make a magnificent pile of junk, and at first glance seem to be of no special value save to some superannuated savant, musty antiquarian or the man who advertises his profession by the sign of the three gold balls over the front door. Half-hypnotized with the heat and tropical surroundings L. and I decided to flee to the mountains; we woke up the busy station agent, who was taking his afternoon nap and asked for a ticket to the hill country. He rubbed his eyes and told us to go to Bandong. I was surprised at this invitation to go back to the farm, but concluded it was proper, because we looked so much like hoboes. Since the train was due there at night and went no further till the next morning I thought I might as well be "stalled" there as anywhere, so I wired ahead for accommodation.

BANDONG

Everybody is supposed to have money in Java, so the roads boost the fares between the cities in proportion to their altitude above the sea level. I wasn't president of the road or the United States so I traveled second-class and had a first-class time. A fruit and vegetable diet is recommended to foreigners in the tropics and when the train stopped at a little mountain town with

a high-sounding name I bought some fruit from a pretty Javanese girl, who was very anxious to sell. It was a bunch of ramboutans that looked like a round red cushion filled with needles and was as tempting as the apple Eve gave Adam. But appearances are deceitful; instead of vegetable it was a carnivorous diet, for the fruit was the meeting place for Java ants and all their cousins. Just then the waiter came in with a call for dinner. He saw my plight, brushed the pests from my face, hands and clothing and said they had something fit to eat in the car just ahead. I followed. The fare was of high quality, including the bill.

The chugging, whistling little train pulled us by rice fields, coffee plantations where they raise fine tea, shady clumps of bread-fruit and banana trees; up hills, crawling over spider-web trestles, leaning over lovely valleys watered by silver streams; past tiny villages with tremendous names; through thickets once the haunt of rhinoceros and tiger, now driven far away by the scream of the locomotive, till we at last met the courier clouds which had been journeying towards us, and were among the mountains, where peaks of extinct volcanoes glowed as if alive in the red rays of the setting sun until put out by a second Deluge, which made us look about for some Ararat on which to land. The lightning lightened, the thunder thundered and the rain rained till the trainmen feared the roadbed would be swept away and the train toppled over the side to the valley below. But the rainbow promise held good and over its arch we bridged our way in safety to Bandong, the Preanger Washington, where both Dutch and Javanese

rulers hang out. Here is a fine view of rangy mountains in the south, and a race course, which of course the human race flocks to as in London or Lexington. On the way to the hotel we saw the aloon-aloon and missigit, in plain English a big square and mosque. Our wire had been received and though the Preanger hotel was full we were given a big Dutch dinner and then escorted to a nearby bungalow with wide veranda, where the natives could camp and watch us as we took a plunge in a tub sunk into the floor like a toy cellar, or climbed into a high Dutch bed covered with a mosquito-barred cage, through which savage mosquitos tried to enter and little lizards lovingly looked in.

Like the usual stranger in town we wanted to look around before we closed our eyes. There were broad Sapolia cleaned streets, inviting homes and gardens; farther on a moving picture show, which was packed to the doors, so we strolled to the market, where under the glare of a little torch, sitting on the sidewalk, a greasy cook was toasting, brown as his body, a chop-suey medley of meat and table vegetables, which though he carelessly seasoned, the hungry laborer ate as if it were a banquet for the gods. Twenty-four hundred feet above sea level one can eat anything.

Relying more on Yankee alarm clocks than Java natives to wake us early for our train we walked over their prostrate bodies to the street, where the carriage met us and rumbled through the sleepy town to the station, where we had to wait for the agent and engineer to get out of bed. Once started there was an ever-rolling panorama to Buitenzorg. The washouts of the

night before storm had been repaired and we rode around volcanic peaks above which rose rings of mist like smoke from a giant Dutchman's pipe; over bloody-muddy looking torrents, where the battle of storm had raged the night before; through miles of green and glorious and gigantic growth, and by stations with names that made the engine shriek and madly rush on. We pause for a moment at a platform piled high with crates of live goats, thronged with natives who heighten their stature with comb-ornaments and brighten their brown color with painted sarongs and handkerchiefs. Once I got out and bought some sticky sweets from a sweet little girl and I was so stuck on her that I took her picture and—but the bell rang and she was added to the long list of girls I left behind me. More checkerboard looking rice fields, water buffalo and natives more beautiful than Naples bronze. Suddenly in the suburbs of a town we turn the shoulder of a landscape hill and see on the veranda of a hotel a table half a square long spread with empty plates and dishes, a sure sign that after hours of separation we are at home among our tramp friends again. Last here, we were first at the table, and it didn't take much to satisfy our appetite, for there wasn't much here except beautiful gardens and scenery, which made me think there might be some method in the madness of setting the table where we could just feast our eyes. There was a little side show of Javanese dancers, who moved to sad melody as lively as flies in a barrel of New Orleans molasses. Some wore masks and I wanted to. They were as ugly as their famous dolls.



CANDY KIDS

TAKE A CHEW

There is a Paradise of a botanical garden here, but Satan had entered and named the plants, lake, em-powered walks and marvelous collection of orchids. You can't beat the Dutch gardening anywhere, and here it seemed as if a hundred Hollanders had sailed in some new Half-Moon around the world and robbed its Edens of ten thousand forbidden fruit and flower trees. The coffee plant was once successfully raised in Java, but the industry was "stung" by an insect, so that now a cup of real Java coffee is as hard to get as a cup of tea in Ceylon. My guide gave me a cane for a gulden (forty cents), and I asked him to smoke it instead of the awful pipe with which he polluted the heavenly atmosphere. But the good leaf is exported, the stringy stem left, and it was that or nothing. In America we smoke or chew tobacco, here they smoke rope or chew a betel nut that grows on a nutty palm called areca katechu. You can get a chew already prepared or make it yourself. The modus operandi is to smear a leaf with lime and scrape some betel nut on it, then roll it up till it looks like a squashed worm in a leaf, with two fingers you put it in your mouth as you would a piece of cabbage on a fork and begin to chew. In a few minutes something has colored your tongue and teeth and oozed out at the corners of your mouth, making you look like the king of the cannibal islands who has just eaten a missionary rare and not well done.

The H. and A. itinerary managed to leave out some of the biggest and best things in the world. At Hawaii

it was the volcano, in Java the Buddhist temple of Boro Boedor. We wasted enough time at unimportant ports to have looked in the hell hole of the one or at the marvelous masonry of the other. To travel so far and miss these two wonders is as ridiculous as to go to East Aurora and not see Elbert Hubbard.

SINGAPORE SIGHTS

Gliding along a glassy sea on the way to the Straits, we passed Sumatra, an island like Manhattan, once ruled by the tiger.

The Singapore reception committee came out in canoes and extended hands of welcome—for money to dive for. Then the ship slipped into the dock and we at once slipped some more mezuma to a crowd of polyglot peddlers who assailed us with their wails and wares, beads, mats and shells.

The post-impressionist is not crazy. He visited Singapore, put its colors on his palette and proceeded to paint every town red he came to. The scientist comes here and sees a variety of skulls that would stock an ethnological museum, and the theological professor finds so many religions that he would waste the whole Sunday deciding between a Protestant Church, a Mohammedan mosque, a Roman Catholic cathedral, a Chinese Joss House or a Hindu temple. I herein perceived a divided duty and went to a Wesley mission, which extended a traveler's palm of welcome to me. I remember the mean temperature of this place, not so much by the heated mark of the thermometer as by the cool trick of the

jeweler who furnished material for another "Moonstone" novel. I entered his shop with a pair of yellow glasses big as blinders that made a moonstone glow like the sun. The native proprietor spoke some broken English and asked if I would part with them, so to please him and my wife I traded them for a moonstone the size of a small pea. I hurried back to the ship to show her the prize, which she received with the tourist shop phrase, "How much?" I told her I had traded it for my yellow spectacles, and asked if she liked it, and she replied, "No, indeed, they cost a dollar and a half and I can buy that moonstone anywhere for twenty-five cents." My eyes were suddenly opened and I saw that I was as big a fool as Goldsmith's Joseph, who traded the horse for a gross of green spectacles. Knowing that I would be guyed the rest of my life I marched back to the Hindu "speculator," laid down the stone, reached for my glasses and left him moonstruck.

I have always wanted to climb the geneological tree of my father Adam and mother Eve, but never quite knew whether it was located in the West or East Indies. Every guide had said it was in his country and I found one here who said it was in this town. I went to this garden of Eden and believed it might have been, for not far off there was a swamp whose smell and surroundings made me think it harked back to the time when the old devil in the form of a serpent crawled out from here, got Eve's ear and told her there wasn't any fruit in the garden worth eating except the forbidden apples on the tree of knowledge. She took a chance and lost, and for the con-

venience of the tourist pilgrim the place of the sad fall is marked by the Raffles Hotel and Museum.

THE SACK OF JOHORE

There wasn't much to detain me here, so I put on a pair of seven-league boots and stepped over tiger jungles and a lake into Johore, to see the Sultan Father Ibrahim. His palace was barred, not only the door and windows but to every member of our party because an American heathen the year before had compared his royal nibs to God's image done in ebony and called him negro spelled with two g's. But though the Sultan's skin was dark the gray matter of his head had been British trained, so Ibrahim locked the front door, threw the key in the lake and said he was not at home to visitors. We tried to atone for this lese majeste by visiting his Mohammedan mosque, but when we got there the marble looking outside was white-washed plaster, the inside wall was bare, and there was no opportunity to pray. It was a pity, for the would-be worshippers ordered their coolies to hustle around the royal preserves, hurry to the hotel and get something to drink. O ye Gods! Everybody was hot and thirsty and wanted to be served at once. This was impossible, and knowing that heaven helps them who help themselves they seized pitchers and glasses from the frightened waiters, crossed the bar, broke open store rooms and ice chests, grabbed everything in sight and cleaned out the establishment. The bewildered proprietor pulled his hair and wrung his

hands, calling in vain on Allah for help. A few generous people paid for their self-served drinks, while the majority left him empty bottles and tables. He profited by this loss, for when the next day's party came the drinks were all locked up and only served when paid for in advance. This is a tale of a wayside inn that doesn't look good in print, but that's why I tell it. A minister should always tell the truth—though he who says what he likes will hear much he dislikes.

A MOONLIGHT EXCURSION

Did you ever drive through a cocoanut grove by moonlight? It is a Great White Way that man can't imitate. We took a trolley way out of town and were met by coolies who set us in their wide rickshaws double like almonds in a shell, which is nice if you like your company. Their soft shod feet made no noise as they sped over the sand under the trees to the shore splashed with foam way to the palms. In the distance on a point of land running to the sea was Singapore, with its many lights softened by the full moon. A missionary friend entertained us with stories of native life, and told a boy we were hungry and thirsty. He jumped from our side, climbed a cocoanut tree like a monkey up a stick, and came down with it, meat and drink, a bill of fare which is always ready to serve. A contrast to this outdoor quiet was in the hotel nearby where we saw English officers dancing under punkas with pretty women, while on another floor we were shown rooms where you overturn the bath-tub on the floor to let the water run off. As

Diana at her bath was surprised by Acteon, so here one of the women of our party was paralyzed by a Chinaman who walked in from no one knows where or why, and as suddenly vanished. This was one of the sights I missed. On leaving we got into the wrong rickshaws because all coolies looked alike to us, and were pursued by our former coolies with yells and sticks and were forced to get back in their rickshaws, when we were in turn followed by the other forty thieves looking gang to the station, where they said they had been robbed. In dark ways with vain tricks the peculiar Heathen Chinee is found under the moonlit palms of Singapore.

PAGAN PEGU

At Rangoon one is as anxious to get the first golden glimpse of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda as he is of the pyramids at Cairo. Like the fabled loadstone that pulled the ship to pieces the shrine dragged us out of our bunks before sunrise. Holding our clothes together in one hand and the field glass in the other we beheld in the distance, tinted by the rising sun, the object of our dreams. We couldn't sail fast enough and at last turning a bend in the river there burst into view—what the distance had enchantingly painted as a pagoda, a huge oil tank. What a falling off was there, my countrymen, and indeed for John D. didn't own it; he can't tank up here, for they have canned him. On and on the Irrawaddy with its shacks and stacks as if "on the Mississippi," we reached Rangoon, the end of the Burma journey to some, but the be-

ginning of ours. We no sooner touched the India Strand hotel than we tipped the porter to call a "gharry," a toy omnibus which holds four and is drawn by about a fourth of a horse, and were down to the station for Pegu—"on the road to Mandalay."

The land was on the level and the farms were on the square, so was I, and in the absence of luggage I was given the Masonic grip by the swarthy station-master at Pegu. I told him what distant shrines and statues I wanted to see here and still catch the return Mandalay express. He said, "You haven't time, but I'll hold the train till you get back." Then he called a driver, gave him orders and we pulled out at a John Gilpin pace.

On the outskirts of this little town, once a large ancient capital, we passed bullock carts on the road, native huts on either side, clumps of trees and forest jungle, ponds where natives like mud-turtles were holding up their heads in the water or crawling along the banks and through fields thick with pagodas like topsy-turvy turnips in a garden. One pagoda was a sacred hair-receiver with two sprouts from Buddha's scalp; another, the Shwe Guzzale, a kind of tavern pagoda with sixty-four images of Buddha; still another the Kyaikpun, where humorous holy men may have met holding their aching sides with laughter at the four literally bushy bearded Buddhas with grasses like hair growing out of their noses. They sit back to back ninety feet high, and could look down upon the old battered Colossi on the banks of the Nile. Passing ancient walls enclosing ruins of kingly palaces, we

were halted in our journey by the sleeping beauty Gautama, one hundred and eighty-one feet high, with shoulders forty-six feet across, and feet so big that it made Miss Theiss, the Chicago girl, happy. This giantess for short was called Schwethayaung. Her face was powdered white, her lips painted red, hair and eyelashes black, her hands manicured and finger nails gilded; she wore a day and night robe and the soles of her feet resembled two mosaic walls of multicolored glass. When you remember she had slept for unknown years under a small mountain of dirt and trees, that a railroad contractor had dug into for track material, she was looking pretty well preserved. Now she reclines under a shed and has many admirers who make love pilgrimages to bring her flowers and burn candle incense. Think of losing a thing that size and that thing your God. After a brief party call we bade her good-by, left our cards and started for the station. Boys and girls in their best clothes, which weren't very much, stopped to gaze at us as we rattled by in the awful heat and dust. How our driver did make that little white pony run. I hope he has good care and pasture here, but I want to do something for him on the other side. Like Gautier, I would build him a stable of marble with an ivory manger and fill it with golden corn and have an angel groom pat him with hands soft as cygnet's down. Animals seem so kind and human compared with our brute companions that a stable is often better than a sitting room, and in heaven I know of some horses who would be more companionable than some "humans."



AT THE FEET OF BUDDHA

We reached the top of a hill, looked down and saw the engine slowly puffing and waiting for us. My Masonic friend Howard had been true to his word, even then he said there was no hurry, gave us something to eat and drink under a punkah. I refused the whiskey and soda and gave it to his assistant, who also was a good Mason, and put us in a first-class coach on a second-class ticket. This is one time that whiskey did some good for a man who didn't use it. As the train was pulling out Howard gave me a bamboo watch chain, Mrs. M. a Burmese umbrella and L. a funny papier-mache doll and so we left Pegu with laughter and a loving memory.

SHWE DAGON

Returning to our Rangoon hotel, we washed, ate in traveling suits without wasting time with tuxedos, and were off again, through home resident portion of the city to Royal lakes and Zoological garden; went to a Burmese theatre, where we sat in opera chairs like turkeys in the straw covered floor, looking at Ali Baba, a tearful tragedy and listening to music that jumped over the bars of harmony without any rest; then to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, where the midnight full moon lent an enchantment over which a poet or painter would commit suicide in trying to describe.

Gautama and the sacred Buddhas are gone, but even in their relics glow their former fires. Here come the millions to worship as at a burning altar, called by the matin and vesper bell "Thi" at the top of the

umbrella dome and rung by spirit fingers of passing breeze.

Back again to the hotel and dreaming of this celestial vision, I was wakened by a quartette of crows perched upon a branch just above my window that truly croaked "Nevermore, Nevermore," for when I returned to the Shwe Dagon at midday there was all the difference between it and the night before as between beauty in a ball-room and the next morning greased and curl-papered in her boudoir. The crows were prophets of evil. Money changers and hucksters shouted their wares up the temple stairway. The chapel looked tawdry, and the big and little Buddhas about the base of the big pagoda were festooned with faded flowers and glistened with candle grease. Devout worshippers came and went. The only incense I burned was a cheroot a foot long, an inch thick, made of paper leaves and tobacco wrapper and smelling like a glue factory. I did this in retirement, kneeling by a big jar with no one to look on but a sacred baby elephant. With a prayer for light in darkness, love in hate, law in disorder and life in death to the countless dead and living Buddha worshippers, I left Shwe, hurried down the stone steps, glad to escape the two lion monsters whose open jaws guarded the gate.

In the religious Marathon here Buddhism has been left behind by Christianity and Mohammedanism. From many mosques the Muezzin calls to prayer, but the Christian missionaries point to one whose preaching and practice were ever pure to woman, honest to man and kind to childhood. There was a man sent

from God whose name was Adoniram Judson, and with the love of John in his heart and the labors of Hercules in his hand, aided by his heroine wife, he has done more to Christianize and civilize the heathen than any man since the apostle Paul. Though dead, his works follow him in the scholarly and spiritual lives of former college classmates of mine who are now preachers and teachers in the Rangoon Baptist college.

RANGOON LIFE

Lent closed the public shops and offices but lent a charm to the native street life. Fathers and families, numerous and gorgeous as a flower garden, were on the street. What seemed to be the Christian holy day was the native holiday. We followed various groups and processions and one led to a large corner residence where they were celebrating a wedding. I not only looked like an "Ancient Mariner," but was made a "wedding guest," for they invited me in to look around, to eat and drink and join the girls in puffing at a "whacking white cheroot." On the illustrated page of oriental history the Burmese woman makes a pretty picture with petite figure, sweet face and a rainbow colored sarong that clings and is modest, and therefore the despair of Parisian dress-makers, who confuse the nude and lewd. The girls were jewels, wore jewels and, like Cornelia, regarded their children as jewels, whom they carried on their hip, dressed in the wealth of a bracelet on the arm and a ring on the toe.

Off the Strand pagodas are thick as pebbles on the

beach. As Chaplain of the Actor's Church Alliance, I knew Nat Goodwin, but didn't know that "Nat" lived in the Sule pagoda and was the guardian of the big Shwe Dagon. As usual there were many women around lifting big and little wishing-stones with light or heavy heart, and just outside one wearied had fallen asleep at the foot of an idol.

There was a circus in town, with big tents and side shows just like our own, but Rangoon itself was one big circus, the streets filled with performers. The elephants, instead of balancing on their two forelegs, or like some G. O. P. ones prancing on their hind ones, piled big, black teak timbers or pulled and rolled the logs through the mud with an industry, intelligence and fidelity that shamed the lazy natives there or some labor agitators here. However, I saw one gang of workers in the street tugging at ropes which pulled an immense tree, and all the while singing as they worked. It preached the lesson to me of not only doing with my might what my hands found to do, but to smile and sing at the same time.

Scripture asks how much better is a man than a sheep? but in this country it is "How much better is a cow than a man?" A man may be poor, hungry, tired and sick and be left to get well or die, but the cow revered in life is more sacred when sick. I entered a spacious ground and saw a large building and thought it must be some great philanthropic institution. It was—for a cow—a hospital where bossy could have all the milk for herself when hollow-horned, while the poor man whose stomach was hollow could go off by himself and die.

Isaac Walton would be disappointed here, for while

there are many fish he would not be permitted to catch them even with a silver hook, because they are not only sacred but stuffed with rice-cakes which heathen devotees and tourists feed them.

Speaking of fish reminds me of a wail that issued from a native hut. Feeling that some one was in distress I rushed to the rescue. There lay an English officer on the floor and a native bending over him with sharp instruments filling him full of holes. The Burman had designs on the Briton which he was paying for with blood money. Tatooing is barbarous, yet how much civilization pays for other people's eyes by decorating the body for the pomp and putrefaction of the grave!

Our hotel was a "Castle of Indolence." It took ten men to do one man's work, for the motto was "Let George do it." One waited on you from head to foot, the body servant prepared the bath, and he left it for the scavenger to empty, while somebody else brought up the rear with your clothes.

No wonder a notice was hung up in our room that read, "You are kindly requested not to beat the servants." I kept my hands off, but when the Boss went for a fellow who was cast in the mould of lazy impudence, I asked him to hand him one for me, and he did.

It was so hot here we cooled off with iced lemonades and were not sorry when the time came to say au revoir to Rangoon. We took one more drink before leaving the hotel. When the bill was brought I found a charge of two rupees for "Two whiskies," and I asked who the Rip Van Winkle was. The waiter said,

"Your guide." I turned to him and inquired if the Brahmins used whisky, "Oh, no," he said. The Mo-hammeden! "It's against his religion." Well, you use it, what are you? "I am a Christian." That settled it and I paid the bill.

CALCUTTA

We entered India by the back door of Calcutta, after sneaking through the dangerous and horrible back yard of Diamond Harbor and the Hoogly River. I found the city like Rachael weeping for her children because her capital was not and had been removed to Delhi.

This "City of Dreadful Night" appears beautiful by day with magnificent government buildings, wide streets, splendid parks, drives and statuary. The English have put the mark of London here in palace and garden even to a Hyde Park Maiden Esplanade. Calcutta is named after a religious slaughter house presided over by Kali, the blood-thirsty goddess who always gets the Hindu's goat. She has the charm of the charnel-house, and old Charon would be delighted to give her a canoe ride on the Styx, because she is ornamented with the skull and bones of the dead he ferried over. One such gory goddess with her godless rites would be too many for the universe and yet I found two other places consecrated to her worship, over in the Monkey Temple at Benares and the other at the deserted city of Amber.

I saw the Black Hole of Calcutta, eighteen feet square, where one hundred and forty-six English pris-

oners were dumped like so much garbage on a hot June night, and from which the next morning but twenty-three skiddooed, the others being suffocated. The only thing black about the hole now is the white stone built over it and the black fence and natives around it.

BURNING GHATS

On our way back to the Burning Ghats we passed a long procession of carts carrying refuse drawn by white trotting bullocks, big-horned cariboo and fine looking ponies with docked tails. I asked why such good horses carried garbage and learned they were worn-out polo ponies. "To what base use may we return, Horatio!"

The sun was hot enough to cremate us before we got to the burning ghats, where human like vegetable refuse is burned. Under an archway sat a young man bellowing with grief over the half-burned body of his grandmother smouldering on green wood. It was necessary for the stoker to stir up the fire and throw the remains into the river to make way for the "next" who come up like patrons to a barber's chair. Through dazzle of heat and dust of ashes a woman in white watched the slow-burning of her husband on the cord-wood funeral pyre. Mingled with the sad was a glad look in her face because he was gone, and she didn't have to journey with him in this chariot of fire, and was at last free. The heat, smoke, fire, cinder smell and sound made it a hell. I took some pictures, and

more of the white-sheeted dead that were being brought in, and returned to the hotel for dinner. The waiter served me with some long pale asparagus on burnt toast, but it looked so much like what I had just seen at the burning ghat that I passed it up for something I was sure I could keep down.

AROUND TOWN

I visited a branch of the Eden Clothing Co., which was a big banyan tree and a small forest in itself; it may have been the prime evil one under whose shade Adam flirted with Eve, and whose leaves furnished the material and pattern for most of the modern styles. This fig-leaf fashion was widely advertised and made popular by a Mr. John Milton, who ran an ad. in his *Paradise Lost* which reads, "Leaves, broad as Amazonian targe, together sewed, to gird waists." It was evident from the pictures of the naked native children I took here that the knowledge of the English classics had been shamefully neglected.

When I was a little boy Barnum led me by the hand to see some of his wonderful caged animals. A trip to the zoological garden made me think he must have been here a long time ago to get ideas for "the biggest show on earth."

Of more interest was the Jain temple, the prize gem in the collection of its owner who is a royal jeweler. Jainism is supposed to be a little better brand of religion than orthodox Hinduism or even Christianity,

for we poor Pagans were not permitted to enter the temple in our stocking feet for fear of contamination—I don't wonder—there were good grounds against some of us.

I got a tip that I could go into a Harem, but I lost. I went to the Marble Palace, built by a real Rajah. Through wall-enclosed garden and courts dissonant with peacock cries his Highness was the faithful guide who showed us the splendid interior filled with something bright and beautiful from everywhere—even the Old Masters looked new. It was an Aladdin palace. There was a more precious treasure I wanted to see, the mistress of this Manse, but alas, wedlock here was padlocked. There was a dead line I could not pass. The Light of the Harem was eclipsed by a dark cloud whence came a voice of thunder, "Stop!"

I thought the man used truth with penurious frugality who said we were fortunate in being here in the cool and dry season. It was so "cool" that the thinnest white suits I had made felt like the shirt of Nessus, and so "dry" I was only nearly drowned three times in two days by rivers of rain accompanied by howling winds and vivid lightning.

The Lee Memorial is the clearing-house for India's Christian civilization. At their bazaar, held at the Y. M. C. A. Building, we saw specimens of lace, brass and other work made by child-widows and outcast children who had been taken in and taught from kindergarten to high-school. They are qualified for business and positions in society. Missions pay in time and eternity, in cents and in character.

DARJEELING

Once in the back door of India I wanted to climb up on its roof, the highest in the world. I only got up to the eaves at Darjeeling, but saw the gable Kinchin-junga and cupola Everest.

Leaving Calcutta we crossed the Hoogly filled with masts, as marsh with reeds. Over a big bridge whose crowds suggested the London, Galata and Brooklyn bridges, I reached the big new depot where I found a fifty-year-old dwarf, hardly as tall as a child of five, heavy-set, dark, caste-marked and turbaned. We appeared to like, if not love, each other at sight, and if I had been in the show business he would have made a head-liner.

When your brain is baked and your body threatened with bubonic plague you hike to the Himalayas, God's greatest and grandest work. Scarcely had we exchanged the city for the country, and jute factories for farms and forests, when we were held up by a young cyclone of wind and rain that took our peace of mind, soaked us, tried to run away with huts to which the natives wildly clung, and then as suddenly left and escaped to the hills. Later the watchful stars led us to the Ganges where we boarded a ferry boat, ate on upper deck while natives "Mark Twained" the river depth with poles, till we reached Sara Ghat where a train waited us. I was soon buried in sleep and dust and dead to the world until in the morning the engine's whistle blew like resurrection trump, awoke me at Siliguri where I was revived with tea and toast and

changed cars for a seven thousand foot climb to Darjeeling.

Our tiny train with two-foot gauge gave us little cars a foot above the tracks which traveled like a slow-moving platform so that we might step on and off at pleasure.

The tiny engine pulled us through jungles full of tigers and elephants, past panther traps a few feet from the track, and by giant tree-ferns with vultures sailing far over head. For hours the train twists, loops the loop, zig-zags, switches back, squares the circle, and crawls along precipices over which we dangle our heels. The temperature has changed, so has the vegetation, so has your early morning stomach-ache, but only for the worse, and you gladly stop at a station to get a cup of Darjeeling tea, the highest priced in the world, because it grows on the Himalayas. We are in a new sphere. It looks different, feels different, instead of naked Hindus there are heavy-clad Nepalese and Thibetans. Gangs of women carry rocks for road-beds; above are yellow moss-covered forests, below vast valleys ribboned with rivers. All day the track had been a Jacob's ladder; we had climbed from its earthly round and were anxious to find the heavenly top on which it leaned, but it was lost; what we saw was the gloomy town of Ghoom and its crippled dwarf until rounding the last curve we slid down into Darjeeling where I am met at the station by four cut-throat looking villagers who carried me in their "dandy wallah," a chair-hammock stretcher, to the Drum Druid Hotel.

Expectant as a child the night before Christmas I went to bed early and left a call for 2 a. m., to saddle out to Tiger Hill.

TIGER HILL

But rain drops and not reindeer woke me. Hurrying down stairs I was met by the manager who said, "I'm sorry you can't see anything this morning." "Look out," I said, and with a wave of my hand I dashed into the dining room, swallowed some tea and a sandwich and went out into the night where my half-drowned guide and pony were waiting. Giving the former a tip and the latter a clip we splashed off. Dark and rough, up and down, wet and slippery, was the ride. Like spectre-horseman, through forest with red flowers like signal lanterns, along the brink of bottomless precipices, through witch-riden Ghoom I was carried by my faithful animal to the top of Tiger Hill.

We had outraced the storm, blue sky and bright stars were overhead, the valley below was like a bowl of soap-sud clouds; in front rolled away a dark sea of hill, valley and ridge to the shoreline of the sky, where it broke in the Himalaya snowy surf, five miles high.

Now old Sol arose from his cloudy couch, kissed Kinchinjunga till she blushed like a bride, darted a glance at Mount Everest and his sister peaks, while we stood like the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration in the presence of "the Most High." Like them we descended, and at the hotel found those who

hadn't been waked, or who remained on account of the storm, filled with the evil spirit of disappointment and distrust. Dr. Steele and I had stolen a march on them and had seen Everest.

Moral: The man who can go to Darjeeling and come away without telling a lie ought to lie by George Washington at Mount Vernon.

THE GOLDEN PALACE

With Mount Everest rising like a great snow-clad chimney twenty-nine thousand feet, I recalled the story of the Golden Palace.

One day the ruler Ahmed gave a big sum of money to his chief builder Yakoob and sent him to the mountains of the snow to erect the finest palace ever seen. Going there he found many of the people dying with famine so he added his money to the king's and spent it all for food for the starving. Later Ahmed came to see the palace and finding none sent for Yakoob. The builder told of the famine, but his master was very angry and throwing him into prison said, "Tomorrow thou shalt die, for thou hast robbed the king."

That night Ahmed had a dream; one seemed to come to him and say, "Follow me." Up from earth and far above the clouds they soared until they came to Heaven's gate and entering, found a palace of pure gold, larger than any of earth and more splendid than the sun. Ahmed blinded by the glory turned to his guide and asked, "What palace is this?" He answered,

"This is the Palace of Merciful Deeds, built for thee by Yakoob, the wise, and its glory shall endure when all earthly things have perished." Then the ruler understood that his builder had done the best thing with his money.

The story preaches a sermon. Often to the minister at home and missionary abroad, the teacher in public or mother in private, it seems that much time, money, prayer and energy are wasted. The world, hurried and busy, does not give much heed to those who make the sacrifice, or honor them with "storied urn or animated bust," but God sees and knows.

The cup of cold water is larger than the ocean; the box of ointment more fragrant than earth's gardens; the widow's two mites richer than mines of gold. Of such are the "blessed" who are laying up riches, renown and reward in the Golden Palace, not made with hands eternal, in the heavens.

CEYLON

From Calcutta many went down to Ceylon while we crossed India. Mrs. M. and L. went to see Buddha's tooth. For the length of time it has been preserved in Kandy I am sure it is a fake. In this island of tea they found it very difficult to get a cup at any price.

At Colombo there was a cute little man with brown greased body, black hair held on top of his head with a big comb, who looked at my wife with such lustrous eyes that she fell in love with some little trinkets he offered her. When she asked the price he said it was "according to the dictates of your conscience."



JUNGLETOWN

"L" went up to Anaradhapura and was charmed by the snakes, moonstone, and dagoba temples. Lizards, natives and elephants were splashing in the King's and Queen's bath; cobras twined round broken stained columns; the sacred Bo tree, tenderly nourished with milk for so many centuries, had grown old and its bent and withered limbs were propped up with crutches; the rock temple was infested with priests in yellow robes. Two of the Clevelanders stopped here to pray while L. drove eight miles through jungles in a bullock cart to Mihintale, climbed up the stone cut steps to the rocky couch of the prophet who had snored for so long on its flint.

BEASTLY BENARES

Benares is washed by the Ganges, the worshippers are washed in the Ganges, and though every day is washday, the city and people are dirty and need a new Hercules to turn the Ganges through its Augean stables filled with sacred bulls, holy fakers, anointed priests and pestiferous pilgrims.

It is called the "holy city" on the principle, I suppose, that "In religion, what damned error, but some sober brow will bless it, and approve it with a text." As well call ice hot, vinegar sweet or vice virtue.

The city lies on the bank of the crescent-shaped river. At the water's edge rise temples, palaces and mosques, while steps lead down to burning and bathing ghats. I was quartered at Hotel de Paris and expected some French service, but had to crowd over elephants and camels in the yard, snake charmers on the porch and an

army of souvenir-sellers in the hall, before I could reach the desk to register.

A hotel is a good place to get away from in the day time and so I started out to see the city. We drove through shopping street Chank with muslin, silk-shawl and brass rhops, saw Annie Besant's Hindu college, where natives are expected to combine athletic with mental and moral culture. According to recent report the moral phase has been exchanged for a post-graduate course in corrupting practises which led the government to censure her and withdraw her boy-pupils.

At the Monkey Temple monkey-looking priests and priestly-looking monkeys, put out their paws with a look of "Give the monk a five cent a." If they could coin the scents of the place it would rival Rothschild's bank account. This red temple with its daily goat-sacrifice is dedicated to Durga, one of Klu Klux Kali's manifestations. The sides of this temple monkey-cage were lined with chambers of horrors of dreadful deities and at the main entrance was a room filled with bass drums. Can you beat it? I didn't, but the priests do when they summon the men and menagerie to worship. Between priests and monkeys I prefer the latter and think they're more moral.

It was at Sarnath, old Benares, that Buddha, tired of wife and home, started off like some modern lecturers and set up a platform to ventilate his views. Probably to get the crowd he cut off his hair just as now some wear theirs long. Like some of his imitators he rubbed the name of God off his slate as if

sick of existence, and remembering the wife he had run away from, he preached the doctrine of Nirvana, or forgetfulness. There is a monumental pile here like a fallen tower of Babel, commemorating something Buddha thought, said or did, but what it was I couldn't learn, though I visited the museum with its relics and the Asoka column.

One morning we went on an excursion and had a high-deck flat-boat rowed by natives to paddle us up and down the shore. For centuries millions have come to wash away their sins in this sacred Ganges river. Perhaps it is their sins, more than the city sewers, stale flowers or dead bodies which make the river so dirty. Everybody was in the swim, they were brushing teeth, rubbing heads, scrubbing their bodies, or plunging and filling brass jars with water to pour over their heads, for the Ganges is as sacred to a Hindu as the Jordan to a Gentile.

Water can generally put out a fire, but the Ganges has never extinguished the human funeral pyres of burning bodies on its banks.

I only got a glimpse of the forbidden "Golden Temple" with its copper dome, as Moses did of the Promised Land, but I was permitted to enter the cow-temple stable of sitting and standing bulls. The bull is a beatified beast. Priests pet him, the godly natives garland his horns and kiss his tail, virgin votaries bathe their hands, beautify their faces and plaster their hair with the divine emanations farmers use for fertilizers. The "Bull Durham" of this country is some of the same, dried and mixed with a little tobacco

and paper. I have often imagined our yellow-fingered dudes imported it for cigarette purposes, at any rate it smells so. I got a picture of his royal Bullship. He is every inch a king, even having attendants who keep the flies off him with a punka. Like another ill-fated Gulliver in the land of giants I slipped around in the filth to get a shot at him with my kodak, and in doing so accidentally stood in front of the red idol Ganesha, he of elephant trunk, silver hands, ears and feet. His jabbering worshippers gave me a rude jostle, which led me to offer an apology, throw them a piece of money and beat a hasty retreat. They didn't like me—I didn't like them. This mad mob of dirt devotees looked as if they would show me about as much consideration as a famished wolf does a fat lamb.

We go out by burning bodies, weeping relatives and pilgrim-worshippers and see umbrella awnings under which priests are preparing the candidate for his baptism, or anointing and striping him with paint after he is pure. Talk of blind superstition! I saw a man, seated on a pedestal, staring at the sun which directly above and indirectly from the water beneath was burning out his eyes. He was another Patience sitting on a monument smiling at grief. I snapped him and he never winked a lash. Poor fellow, to think that human pain would give divine joy. In the same self-crucifixion class was the man who lies down on a spiked mattress, or another who toasted himself on both sides between two fires, or his brother who made a yard stick of his body to measure the distance between his birthplace and the river.

A Hindu's heaven is an eternal sleep with no bad dreams. He believes that he has lived before and will live again eight million, four hundred thousand times unless he can do some worthy thing that will hurry up matters so that he may be absorbed into the infinite, as the river becomes one with the sea.

I saw many a fakir who thought his soul might "crawl as a snake, bloom as a flower, roam as a tiger, writhe like a demon or reign as a god." Fearing that at death he may be morally bankrupt a Hindu tries to have something good put to his account just as I fear some rich roues do in Christian lands, who on their death beds try to atone for past deviltry by donations to some hospital, orphanage or church charity.

That he may exist in a better world than this, the Hindu bathes in the Ganges, builds temples, feeds and fees the Brahmins, is kind to sacred cows and monkeys, frees captured birds, gives sugar to ants, digs wells and hires a Brahmin with earth, pitcher and brass-cup to pour water into the hands of the thirsty passers by.

One found it easier here to get something to eat than to drink. There are many wayside wells where the oxen draw up the water in big leather buckets, but frequently these and the city wells are foul because so many filthy people bathe themselves with the water they allow to run back again. As if this were not bad enough, a well is a favorite place for women to jump in and commit suicide.

Some people worship whisky and wine but the

pious Hindoos revere the Ganges. They thought it was so holy that the river goddess would not allow it to be bridged, but it was, and then believing it would be a sacrilege to walk over her, they compromised by removing their shoes, at the same time keeping their feet cool and saving their soles.

I had a Christian guide from the mission who told me that when the water-works were first put in, the superstitious natives said they wouldn't use the holy Ganges water which came through pipes made and laid by heathen hand of Moslem and European. When told the water was so holy it could purify the pipes they rushed to the hydrants nearby to get water to drink, cook and bathe.

They claim a purity for the Ganges only found in advertisements for some soaps and baking powders.

SUPERSTITIONS

The Hindu is superstitious of evil if he sees a snake cross one's path; a crow caw on a decayed tree; or meets a widow and a cat. It's a good sign to meet with a dancing woman because she will never marry and so never be a widow; to see a dead man being carried along without any mourner; and see a crow sitting on a dead body floating down a river.

Here are some Hindu sayings as true as preaching and more so than the average high-priced pulpiteers:

If your heart be pure, the Ganges is in your tub.
Today's egg is better than tomorrow's hen.
To swallow the camel and choke at the tail.

The little pot soon boils.

Straighten a dog's tail for twelve years, it will still curl.

Beauty without purity is an odorless rose.

Who lives in the river should court the crocodile.

The world's praise is a puff of wind.

Prayer is the pillar of piety.

To invite Satan is easy, to dismiss him is hard.

We give to God the flower beyond our reach.

Light your lamp at home, afterwards at the mosque.

It takes time to be successful, but no time to be ruined.

Musk is known by the smell, not by the praise of the perfumer.

Do your work and let the curs bark.

Later we religious men left the ladies who were not permitted to accompany us, and climbed to the secluded spot where stands the Nepalese temple, ornamented with gymnastic and indecent carving that would make the red Pompeian pictures blush with shame. If this marks the high-tide of Buddhist faith I am ashamed, though I have a photograph of these carvings which I keep in my strong box packed in chloride of lime. Kali Hinduism may be bloody, but Buddhism here was beastly.

After this pollution it was time to wash and be clean so I went to the well where Devi dropped his earring and my ears were filled with confusion; to the Pool of Knowledge, where everybody acted crazy; to the Well of Long Life, warranted to shorten it

the longer you stay, and to a few other cess pools. Native desperation and perspiration mingled with offerings of flowers, Bel leaves and sweet meats, made all these places smell like bilge water, so I procrastinated till a "more convenient season."

ON THE GANGES

After the day's journey round this dung-hill of a city I was dying to take a dip, and I got an intelligent Christian guide to take Doc. Holzklaw and me in a dinky ferry across the Ganges to the side reserved as a limbo for lost souls. Giving my friend the kodak I stripped, plunged in the muddy waves, and was "took." I, too, had a brass cup and poured the saving water upon my bald head which deserves a crown if the waters of the Jordan, the Nile, the Tiber and the Ganges are efficacious. Yea, verily, in spite of what swam in it and the carcasses that floated on it, I took a mouthful and rinsed my throat; not falling dead I grew bold and drank the physical and spiritual health of India's millions from the overflowing brass cup.

Refreshed and dressed I went on deck where I listened to stories from the South from my genial companion as the Hindu boatman rowed us up the river to Ramangar where we visited the Palace of the Maharaja. He was not in, but across the river worshipping, but left instructions that we were to see his palace, strongly built and splendidly furnished. When we left we saw a big crowd up the hill around a building. Curious I went up and looked in and



BAPTIZED IN THE GANGES

there beheld the biggest and most beautiful captive Bengal tiger in all India. I had read how Buddha gave himself up to feed a famished tigress and her cubs. But when I looked down the six feet of this tiger's throat I regarded the story as apocryphal. Oh the stripes, glare of eyes, sword-like teeth, spring against bars and roar as his keeper stirred him up for our fun!

We sailed back at sunset. The elephants we had seen splashing in the water had disappeared, so had the boat loads of natives who had hailed us. The fires of the burning ghats were human torches to light us to the wharf. Gone were the crowds of worshippers and the sad-eyed stars looked down where for so many centuries millions had tried to answer the question, "How shall man be just with God?"

BRAVE LUCKNOW

It was a hot day when we visited Lucknow, and it was a warm reception that a deadly cobra offered me as I entered an old dark room in the Residency. My swarthy guide almost turned pale and uttering a shriek dragged me out and would not permit any one to enter. After I gained my breath and composure I drove over the city, once the capitol of ancient Oudh. Prettily situated on the sacred river Gumti, its palaces make a pleasing picture in the distance, but on near approach their beauty fades and you find them plain and plastered a dirty yellow and white.

I saw the symbol of the two fish, the mausoleum of Asaf-rid-Daula, and the marvelous big mosque Jama Masjid; visited the college, missionary school, umbrella-domed palace and bazaars; watched the natives make pottery, shawls, gold and silver embroidery.

I was interested in the cantonment of soldiers, bungalows and gardens, but most of all in those ragged walls which tell of the blood and tears of the Sepoy siege.

Though the Residency is in ruins it lives in song and story because of the memories of the mutiny; of shot and shell; of the hell of horror and Indian heat, and of the long promised and delayed relief from July 4, when Lawrence died, to November 17, when Colin Campbell entered.

I went into the room where Jessie Brown, the crazy girl, watched, waited and heard the pibroch, "The Campbells Are Comin'," the Scottish slogan which brought joy to the bereaved and the beleaguered.

In the nearby quiet cemetery rest two thousand of the brave who died in 1857. A white cross rises towards the clear sky suggesting reward and immortality. I have stood by tombs of the world's great heroes, but nothing ever so impressed me as the marble slab over the remains of Sir Henry Lawrence. It is plain but beautiful, and grass, vines and flowers tenderly creep across, making it attractive.

It is said that when this old Christian warrior was being buried the fighting was so severe the officers could not leave their posts, so the soldiers carried

him to his grave, but before they lowered him they lifted the covering from the face of their loved leader and tenderly kissed his forehead. On the white marble, not so white as his memory, is inscribed the words he asked to have written on his tomb:

"Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty; may the Lord have mercy on his soul."

England is in India to stay until kicked out, and I don't know a boot big enough to do it. The Hindu is better ruled today, every way, than he ever was. So let the heathen rage and the London calamity-howlers imagine a vain thing. The hour Britain leaves India, India goes back to barbarism. The little island that is itself a world, rules the world in many ways. The traveler finds England's hand everywhere; it is not a black hand, but a white hand and a true American is always glad to give it a friendly shake.

CAWNPORE CRUELTY

Cawnpore is from "Kanh," which means "black," and that's the way I appeared after a fifty-mile ride from Lucknow. The Ganges looked inviting, in spite of the leather factories near by. Some of the first natives we met were watermen, for India, like some European countries, thinks more of what it drinks than eats—water is the staff of life. The "Bhisti," or heavenly man, is a Moslem, and carries water in a goat-skin; the skin lasts about half a year, and when it breaks, he mends it. The other water-carrier is a Hindu who would rather be skinned alive than touch

a new goat skin or mend an old one. He used to carry water in a small earthen or brass jar, but now it is a coal-oil can. We may criticize John D. over here, but east of the Suez he is a patron saint who divides the honor with Buddha as the "Light of Asia," and in many ways pours oil on troubled waters.

In religion the Hindu has a Triple Alliance, Bramah the creator, Vishnu the preserver and Siva the destroyer. Vishnu, who makes avatars or journeys to set the world right, is the patron deity of Cawnpore, but she must have been away making a visit in June, 1857, for Siva usurped the throne and struck down men, women and children in merciless Sepoy mutiny.

Nana Sahib is the Hindu Judas of cowardly betrayers. After offering terms of surrender to nearly five hundred British who had survived the mutinous attack, promising safe conduct to the riverside, and boats to take them down the Ganges, he had the bugle sounded, the native rowers leave the boats in the mud, while the Sepoys shot the defenceless in cold blood. Some were burned in the boats, others were drowned, and one hundred and twenty-five wounded and half-drowned women and children were carried back to the city, crowded in a little house, insulted then shot at and butchered and their dead and living bodies thrown into a well.

England made the high-caste Sepoy soldiers pay dear for their deviltry; soaked the dry ground with their blood; blew their bodies from the cannon's mouth, and polluted the sacred river with their carcases.

That well of Marah bitterness is now a fountain of

sad, sweet memory. It is situated in a memorial garden with tree, shrub and flower. A mound has been built over the well surrounded by an octagonal Gothic screen. Over the slaughtered and sainted dead stands the angel of the resurrection, with arms folded in resignation and hands holding the emblems of victory and peace. Over the arch are the words, "These are they which came out of great tribulation." There at sunset I recalled a far away well whose curb was a pulpit, whose water was the text and the sermon, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

DOING DELHI

Delhi is a capital city and has been in more ways than one from 2500 B. C., to its last year's Durbar. Standing on the walls of the Old Fort one looks out on green plains covered with the debris of seven former Delhis, while in the distance towers the Moslem mosque Kutab Minar like a factory chimney. A nearer view reveals a fluted red-sandstone base and white marble top, while nearby is an old iron pillar, "the Arm of Fame," fit to be wielded by the man with the iron jaw.

The air of the old and new Delhi is filled with the sighs of the dead. In 1857 British blood splashed the Cashmere Gate but in 1739 the nadir of butchery was reached when Nadir slaughtered 240,000 revolting natives.

Turning from death to life we come to the big shopping street of Chandni Chank, with shade trees on

either side and a stream of water running through the center, doubtless for the rest and resuscitation of those who have been "held up" by the Hindu merchant. The man with limited intellect or pocketbook should pray "Lead us not into temptation" before he gets here, or some beauty of ivory, miniature, gold and silver cloth or Cashmere shawl will lead him astray.

It was a pity to be too late for the Durbar pageant and I roamed over its grounds with the feelings of a little boy who has missed the circus of the day before and wanders among peanut shells and empty sawdust rings.

Still, there were many other things which made the visit to Delhi a delight.

In striking contrast to the Taj Mahal tomb of Shah Jehan's wife, is the humble grave of his daughter, who loved him as Cordelia did Lear, and lovingly shared his prison darkness.

"If on earth there be an Eden of bliss it is" that palace of Jehan in the Fort with Pearl Mosque, Audience Hall and a bird of a Peacock Throne Mr. Nadir flew away with. If he hadn't, some Mr. Morgan might have bought this royal perch for \$30,000,000 at auction.

An audience of a thousand at church or ten thousand at a ball game is called some crowd, but both are empty benches compared with the Jama Masjid mosque where every Friday twenty-five thousand Mohammedans meet. Our visit was on an off day, nobody was there but some beggars and priests, and most priests

are beggars; one of the latter took me to a corner booth where a fanatic native showed me relics as sacred to him as fake nails, thorns and splinters of the cross are to some Christians. I saw a red hair from the beard of Mahomet, that would dull a good razor and was bright enough to use for a danger signal at sea; a Medina parchment, over a thousand years old, that looked recent for the amount of dirt collected on it; a footprint on stone that I would rather have there than on my anatomy, and a slipper big enough to have kept Cinderella and her family in shoe leather for the rest of their lives.

The river of time may wash away most of my Delhi memories, but there is one thing that will remain as long as I live—the royal bath and its time, place and girl.

MY NATIVE BATH

Bathing has not only been a fad with me but an article of faith. At home I take a cold plunge every morning, and on shipboard it is the one thing I look forward to with pleasure. A country is known by the baths it gives and in Constantinople, Moscow and Budapest I learned that "every little movement" had a meaning all its own. But the bath that like Moses' rod swallowed up all the others was the one at Delhi where cleanliness is not always next to Godliness.

India is a hot and sticky place for fleshy people, and like Falstaff I was larding the lean earth as I walked along. After hours of dusty driving and hard sight-seeing I asked my guide if I could get a bath and

he said, "Yes, Durbar Bath." I had missed the royal pageant but hoped to get the splash, so we drove off the crowded street to a building which invited us with its shade walks and flowers. The proprietor ushered me into a shady room and handed me a napkin. I had been in India long enough to know what to do with that square of linen, so I used it for a loin-cloth.

When I stepped into the bath I was horrified to find a beautiful Mohammedan maiden standing in her birthday clothes plus a bracelet. In agitation I rang, the master came and I said I didn't want that woman there with the bath. He seemed surprised, because she was part of it, shrugged his shoulders, ordered her out and beckoned to two stalwart natives. They seized me, threw me down on the marble, put a wooden pillow under my head and then splashed, massaged, pounded, twisted and kneaded me, worked my arms like a windmill, rolled me like a log, used me as a punching bag, went through a whole course of gymnasium exercises on me, then grinned and said, "Not finished." I felt I was when back came the "sweet sixteen" smiling like spring. I sprang up, but she grabbed a towel and basin and laid me low, then soused me and began to put on the finishing touches. In broken English she tried to tell me all her physical, mental and moral virtues, which I admitted, because she was a woman, but I knew her Koran didn't square with my Old Testament, so thanking her I fled, like Joseph from Potiphar, to my room where "Kim" came to the rescue, helped me dress and rushed me to the train, or I might have been there yet.

Later, at Bombay, the night before sailing, we men sat on the verandah of the Taj Mahal Hotel recounting our experiences "across India." I listened patiently to theirs and then told mine, ending with the bath at Delhi. This broke up the party, for the men rushed to the clerk and asked where in Bombay they could get a bath "like the parson had." The greeter smiled and said, "There's only one such bath in India, and you'll have to go to Delhi to get it." This was one of the times the "poor parson" slipped one over them for there was no time to go to Delhi and return before the ship sailed.

JAIPUR UP TO DATE

All aboard! My friend Balke and I rolled out of the Delhi station and into our clean bedding as smoothly as an ivory ball into the pocket of one of his billiard tables. Early the next morning we were picked up by our Jaipur guide and trotted in the cool quiet to a native hotel. After a bath in an English tub and a breakfast to correspond of tea, toast and marmalade, we started to cut a wide swathe through its wide streets and paint the pink town red. Jaipur is called the Chicago of India, and to keep up with the Windy City has a Hall of Winds whose fantastic walls have echoed to many a bacchanal blowout. The flocks of pigeons in the streets make another San Marco square and its shops are filled with gold and enameled jewelry. Enormous elephants with gorgeous trappings and colored caste marks swinging through the streets, and natives

and tribesmen in all styles and shades of dress look like a circus procession. Here you may visit shrines and temples, but the morning market life is of far more interest. How human we all are when it comes to what we are to eat and wear. Merchants and money-changers are on the curb and carry on their wheat and board of trade occupation "in the open."

On the way to the Maharajah's palace we saw the marble halls of the college, where students dream of the time when they have made their mark in the world and their name will be written not in ink but inlaid black marble. His Highness was not in the palace, and if he had been in probably would not have "been in" to us. I heard some music here, and on inquiry learned it was from the women of the harem, who may have been joyfully celebrating their lord's absence. If there were any tears they were crocodile's tears, which reminds me that when we went down to the lake and had the natives call the crocodiles to feed them with large chunks of raw beef we were told that long ago, when his Maharajah majesty was tired of a wife and couldn't shake her, he cut down his butcher bill by feeding her to the crocodiles.

The palace garden was a Lincoln park of shade, fountains and flowers; birds sang, peacocks strutted about and the natives, single or married, were having a good time. I expected to visit sleepy Amber by elephant, and when I learned they were all engaged for wedding ceremonies, for March is the open season for matrimony, I was almost as provoked as the mad elephant who was chained in an enclosure beyond the

royal stables; he amused himself and terrified us with the twist of his tail, the stamp of his foot, the swing of his trunk and his trumpeting loud enough for a cornet obligato.

A DESERTED VILLAGE

The deserted village of Amber was the ancient and popular capital of Rajputana and known by the astronomer Ptolemy a thousand years ago. Today it is interesting for its old and picturesque ruins, where a few natives wander like prehistoric cave-dwellers.

A pass is required to go to Jaipur and requires twenty-four hours' notice, but Balke and I were late, and in a hurry, and managed to get there just the same. We first rode by carriage to the city limits, where a bullock cart awaited us. My friend sat over one wheel and I over the other and the native driver between, on the cart tongue, holding and twisting the tails of the two white bullocks much as a driver might the lines over the back of a trotting horse.

Soon the pink-painted town was behind us and we were jolting across the dusty plain, measuring the miles by ruined temples, dry fountains and deserted palaces. On we went between battered tooth-like battlements toward the gorge, at the end of which was a valley shut in by hills, on the highest of which silent and sentinel-like stood the fort, while on the low ridge rested the deserted village of Amber.

The once pretty little lake was dry, so was I, and went into a small shop to get some soda. The courier

had brought along some ice; it sparkled like a diamond, was almost as small and cost as much. Here we walked over the wall and up a cobble rock hill to a point where we could see ruins of former beauty and greatness on every hand. Over miles of hills stretched the village, looking like the ruins of a Pompeii, with narrow streets, roofless houses and leaning gates. I visited the temple dedicated to the worship of the gory goddess Kali. Human sacrifices are no longer offered here, but the sand is red with blood of goats sacrificed every morning by the priest. The big stained knives lay near by, and the smell of incense and blood recalled the line, "Fee, fo, fi, fum." Yonder, where the busy market once stood, peacocks strutted and shrieked like souls of the lost.

The big palace on the hill was the chief object of interest. It was built in sixteen hundred—with domes and walls that resemble a fortress more than a family home. But the rulers needed it, with its back to the hills and its stone fist-like towers extended in defiance, to keep them and theirs in safety. The palace has endless halls and arches of white marble and delicate design, though covered in many places with a dirty kind of stucco. Here the Maharajahs ruled in luxury and splendor until Jey Sing, wearied of it all, one day moved away with his family and people, taking wealth, elephants and horses to the new capital, leaving Amber to thieves, jackals, the dead and dying.

Amber is surely a dead town, a sepulchre of silence, a ruin of architecture. The sacred enclosure of the Zenanas, where the black-eyed beauties were guarded

for royalty, is now open to wanton winds which sigh for the touch of vanished hands and the sound of voices that are still. The only signs of life seemed to be the bright flowers, erect cobras and hundreds of monkeys, old and wizened, chattering, climbing, holding little ones in their arms and jumping on tree and wall, looking as human as the few surviving inhabitants.

We saw the sun set red as the blood of the enemies who had fallen on these hills. Later the pale moon rose and looked sadly down on scenes of former greatness, while everywhere there was an undefinable something suggesting Hood's lines:

“O'er all there hangs a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery, the spirit daunted,
Which seems to say as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.”

ALL ABOUT AGRA

One of our party who had more bank account than brains asked why so many people were going to Agra. “To see the Taj,” I replied; then he looked up and said, “Who is the Taj?” I told him I didn’t know, but there was a Mr. Murray who had written a volume about him and could give him full particulars. He was satisfied and went to Ceylon, while I went to see “Taj” for myself.

Akbar made Agra the seat of government and it must have had Taft proportions, for he was a great Mogul. The red sandstone Fort and Walls which he

built to defend it, so far from withstanding a Trojan siege of ten years, would fall in ten minutes before a modern siege gun.

It is pathetic to read of some other buildings here that "Jehangir commenced the palace and erected Sicundra, the mausoleum of his father, Akbar, and the tomb of It-mad-ud-Daula, his father-in-law. All of the Motimasjid and the Jamamasjid are monuments of Jehangir's son Shah Jehan." When you can pronounce these names trippingly on the tongue, you will be able to get the meat out of a hazel nut without asking your neighbor to pass you the nut-cracker.

There are some people who like water. Akbar was one, so he left Fatehpursikri to pitch his tent on the banks of the Jumna. Too bad he folded his tent and stole away before the Jumna was beautified by the Taj Mahal and the tall smoky chimneys of shoe and sugar factories.

All mosques look alike to me, except the Pearl, which is marble. I went to the Hammar baths, but the nymphs had fled, though there was no running water. I took a glance at the Mirror palace; my face was reflected in a thousand stucco mirrors and I never felt stuck on one. In the copper-covered Golden Pavilion my Lady's chamber was empty, and the niches in the wall that would be good spy-holes for Peeping Toms were slots into which the little lady slipped her little hand and left her jewels, knowing that no big-handed thief could steal them.

If you haven't a taxi you'll overtax your horse, like Sheridan, to get out to Fatehpursikri, twenty miles,

away. The town was built by big unbigoted Akbar, because Saint Shaik Salim lived there. The town is dead, though the holy man is well planted in a marble tomb with brass ebony and pearl trimmings.

Akbar was the "big Injun" ruler of the Moguls. He was a good mixer of races and religion. He told the Mohammedans and Hindus to shake hands and get together; his palace was a kind of Pantheon decorated with a general assortment of gods; he promoted commerce and culture and was well called "Guardian of Mankind." This man, who won golden opinions from all nations, is appropriately buried in a gold coffin and his spirit doubtless walks in surroundings to match the golden streets. His name shines in the dark sky of the heathen past like the Kohinoor diamond that so long lay by his side reflecting the sun and the stars, until it was swiped by the Persians in 1739 and later fell into the possession of Queen Victoria, whose glorious womanhood paled its ineffectual fires.

It weighs 102 carats, is valued at \$800,000 and may be seen in the treasury-house of the London tower.

My guide, who was a converted Hindu, told me an interesting story about the Kohinoor. It is a Persian word which means "mountain of light," and the gem was given to Lord John Lawrence for safe keeping. Busy with many things of state, he put it into his vest-pocket and forgot all about it. Half a year later the Queen ordered the jewel to be sent to her at once. Lord John did not know where it was and, calling his servant, asked if he had ever found a little package. "Yes, Sahib; I found it and put it in your little box."

It was brought, the wrappings were removed and there like a mountain of light shone the diamond. Sir John was overjoyed, but the servant simply said, "This is nothing, Nehib, but a piece of glass." Then he told him its great value and it was carefully guarded till it was sent to the Queen to shine in her crown of jewels.

THE TAJ

The camels were coming and going, but we fell in with a donkey and goat procession to the Taj Mahal. We stopped at the Fort where Jehan garrisoned his four wives in apartments fitted up according to their native homes in Burma and Egypt; he was a good liver and imported delicacies.

The jasmine tower was fragrant with memories. That in here, Jehan looked across the river at the Taj tomb he had built for his favorite wife. A prison and palace on either hand, he bridged it with his sighs.

It was a dusty ride to the Taj. We brushed by elephants, saw the camel-cart bus line, which only runs here in Agra, and real colored moving pictures of native life. The pyramids are in the Sahara desert, but there is plenty to drink. The Taj is on a river that was nearly dry, while I was altogether so; then, too, the attendants were working, the fountains weren't playing; since there were no park refreshment stands there was nothing left but to drink in the scenery.

The tourists were reading, posing and taking pictures; peacocks, as if envious of the beauty of the Taj, sought to divert the attention of the visitors to them-

selves by perching on the dome and screeching, "See me, see me," at the top of their voices, while the guards inside were breaking the silence of the dead by hallooing to the living for tips. To get away from all of this I climbed one of the towers and, after things quieted down, I came down.

I entered this palace-tomb, more beautiful than Spain's Alhambra, paid the guards to produce an echo, but it was so consumptive that I let out a barytone which made them jump as if Havelock had returned. The echo of my voice was repeated till in hollow murmurs it died in the crypt by the side of Jehan and his wife.

I think Jehan, like Kubla Khan, must have fed on honey-dew "and drunk the milk of Paradise" when he planned this monument for his best girl. Its domes, columns, arches and minarets took twenty thousand men seventeen years to build. Think of the money this husband spent on a sepulchre, the most splendid in the world, and if it seems foolish, just recall some modern husband who spends millions on his whitened sepulchre wife.

In all the garden of human affection there is no such beautiful flower as this Taj Mahal lily on the banks of the Jumna, and to describe its beauty or the love which prompted it would be the "wasteful and ridiculous excess" of painting the lily.

BOMBAY

If there's anything in a name Bombay must have had an explosion, at any rate as soon as you land the custom-officer asks if you have firearms. L. told him

"No," but loving the Union Jack next to the Stars and Stripes said if he needed any arms he thought he could lend him a hand. The city is not only India in miniature but some other towns as well. When I saw its stores and public buildings I thought I was in London; the commercial wharves, in New York, and the factories, in Chicago. I stopped at the Taj Mahal and never had so much attention in my life. White-turbaned, brown-skinned, spider-legged servants were willing to do everything but eat with me, because I was "unclean," compared with them, and yet I didn't sit on my haunches like a monkey, chew betel nut and paint my face with caste-marks till I looked like a blackboard covered with colored crayon.

Strolling around the city you see a depot that looks like a parliament building.

You don't have to go to Mississippi to find a cotton mill, to England for a park, to Babylon for a hanging garden, or Persia for fire-worshippers, for they are all here.

FIRE WORSHIPERS

Bombay was blistering hot, but I saw Parsees on Back Bay beach who were worshipping the sun. The fire never goes out on their temple altar, and the smell of burning sandal wood always fills their home. Some of us were twice the guests of an intelligent wealthy Parsee. He threw open his house, spread his table, showed us books and souvenirs, wife and family with their rare robes and gems. He didn't attempt to proselyte me, but there was one autumnal-haired and freckled-faced girl whom

he might have been persuaded to include as an object of his worship or adoration.

While he looked at her I looked the other way at some of the Parsee ladies. They were small, sweet-faced, dark-eyed, demure, dressed in a bright-colored diaphanous drapery wound about their bodies, with one end thrown veil-like over their heads. The Parsee, like the Jew, has been persecuted but has been loyal to his religion, and proved that "godliness is profitable," for he is rich, and not only that, but philanthropic and highly respected. Happy in life he believes that the god of good will overcomes the god of bad. To help and hasten this victory pork and polygamy are prohibited. He is hopeful for the future, believing the little light of his life will be absorbed into the eternal sun.

At death his body is not buried or burned, but carried to the Towers of Silence, placed on a gridiron table, where it becomes a banquet for hungry vultures, which pick it clean to the bone.

These white-washed oil-tank looking towers have kept their silent secret for centuries. There hadn't been a funeral for some hours, and one old vulture eyed me with an inquisitive "To be," and my reply was "not to be." I left him and climbed to a point on Malabar hill, where I could see the far-away ocean, the nearby islands and the great city lying at my feet.

A glance at the Hanging Gardens, and I drove down the hillside and listened to the band-concert and mixed with a crowd of all sizes and sorts of people made up of English soldiers in red and white; Hindu women brightly dressed and veiled; proud Parsee fathers with their

square glazed caps and their families; jugglers with baskets of cobras and a mongoose, and monkeys on sticks.

IMPRESSIONS

I reverse the proverb and say, last impressions are first, when I recall the last night in Bombay and the trip to the native quarter of the city, with its ant hills of humanity, dingy stores, crowded walks, musk-smelling oil with which they anoint themselves after bathing, and the odor of those whose ablutions had been postponed.

Later we visited the by-streets, where we could no longer drive and could scarcely walk because of the dead-asleep who were lying side by side as pauper dead. There they were by thousands in their scant, soiled work clothes, and that their only covering. It was pitiful; home they had none; men, women and children tired, sick and starved, ground between the upper and nether millstone of yesterday's and tomorrow's Fate.

Light-hearted I had started out for a good time, but I left feeling that I had eaten a half-dozen sinker biscuits. If Dante in imagination saw anything as bad and sad as I did in reality that night I am sorry for him and hope Beatrice gave him an extra soul-kiss.

There may be a hotter place than India this side of Dives' fixed residence, but I can't imagine it. The sun scorched, the wind blew blazes and the sand sizzled through the wet grass mat doors and windows. Ice was at a premium; everything without it tasted stale and flat, and to make a pot of tea you could use the window sill as a stove. Often the only way I could keep cool was to ask an Englishman a question, when I received in

reply an icy stare and cold shoulder that reduced the air to cold-storage temperature.

CARNAL CAVES

The bald-headed man who takes the front seat at a variety show is anxious to fall in line with the worshippers, artists and archaeologists in a trip to the caves of Elephanta. From the "Apollo" pier he'll have a rocky time, on the boat, at the landing, up the steep, mossy stairway until he stands in a temple whose aisles, columns and images are carved from the living rock. Like Pilgrim I passed unharmed between the two lions that guarded the entrance, for they were stone, but there were some stone images and inscriptions inside which could injure one's imagination whether he was young or old.

I looked at the bust of three-faced Siva and noted the stylish head-dress; saw another figure with cap-ornament of human skulls; Virag, half male and female, and the Siva shrine with the lingam altar, before which millions of barren wives and hopeless girls had prostrated and prostituted themselves in Sivaite festivals. The temple-keeper beckoned me to one side and gave me a private lecture, which suggested the phallus and priapus symbol and worship which I had found in other lands. While he proceeded my blush illuminated the dark cave, and as I left the altar my Spanish lady friend approached and asked me what I had been looking at and what the guide said. I replied, "Forget it." She wouldn't, I couldn't, and since she was past middle age

and married I looked her square in the eye and reeled it off as if it were an Edison record. "Thank you," she said, "It is always well to know about religion from a priest." I told her I was no priest and this was no religion, and she said "Thank you," again. There was a pool of clear water here in which frogs big as turtles were standing on their hind legs, and with folded arms and eyes wide open with amazement, as if they were more shocked at what I'd said than at the suggestive statues and symbols roundabout. If I had been alone I would have divested myself of all baggage but my trunks and plunged in to keep them company.

I am not surprised that Christian Portuguese and heathen Mohammedan became iconoclasts and smashed and defaced some of this rock-temple furniture.

Whether an honest man is the noblest work of God, or an honest God is the noblest work of man I leave Pope and Ingersoll to debate. Here both gods and men were dishonest and ignoble.

In the comparative study of other religions I could always find some "sweetness and light," but Hinduism is darkness and dirt. If what does good is good, then apart from theory Hinduism is bad, for its votaries are vile and their lives a lie. Their gods are deified beasts and their devotees are beastly depraved. English poetical paganizers and visiting native proselyters have tried to steal Christ's crown and put it on Buddha's head and to substitute the Vedas for the Sermon on the Mount. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Caste, child-marriage, obscene worship, Nautch girls, ignorance, superstition, poverty and plague prove Hindu-

ism a hell on earth that diseases, dwarfs and damns man's body, mind and soul.

CAPTAIN CUPID

Captain Dempwolf of the Fatherland was the big-bodied and souled man who fathered us until we landed. A brother Shriner and I were glad to pass the fez for a set of silver suggestive of the bright and valuable service he had given. Other assistants were "nobly" remembered for the assistance they had rendered.

But Cupid was commander-in-chief and got most of all. Love makes the world go round, and some passengers grew very dizzy, as if riding on a giddy-go-round.

They changed not only sky and sea, but other essential conditions. One fair chaperon forsook her girls in charge to cross India with an English officer. When she came back one of her American Misses had become a Mrs. on shipboard to a German aviator, who doubtless wooed and won her with the serenade "Come take a ride in my airship."

There was another poor girl who fell in love with a reputedly rich Rangooner. The fire of sun and sentiment was so fierce that in a melting mood she made a hasty return from Calcutta to marry him.

There were Grand Salon flirtations by day and sounds of revelry by night from the grill-room spooners. We poor mortals who tried to sleep on our little cots or mats on deck, with sheets and pajamas, were often stumbled over by late lovers retiring in the very early hours of the morning. Ye Gods and little fishes! Some of us saw

and heard things which would not be believed if John's angel wrote it with a gold pen.

It is a question whether Cupid or cupidity mates and marries people, a question hard to answer right. There are Midsummer night's dreams on sea as on land, when "Reason and love keep little company together." Human and decent people sooner or later bend the knee at Cupid's shrine feeling with Thackeray, "It is best to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all."

RED SEA

Ocean life was hot and happy all the way to the Red sea. This red-letter body of water must have been named by the same color blind man who christened two other seas Black and Yellow. All three prove there is nothing in a name, but as the Red sea was on the map between Asia and Africa we had to sail it.

During our four day's cruise to Suez Bible students kept asking the officers just where Israel crossed over on dry ground and Pharaoh had been drowned. Often the profane reply showed little regard for God or geography. But a German's oath is different from all others, and his "Ach Gott" as natural as a cholic cry to a baby. Often those who had broken most of the Ten Commandments were anxious to know how far away Sinai was and how high.

We passed the land of Arabian days and nights, enchanting to lovers of literature and students of sacred and profane history. One evening the setting sun made the sea red like a bloody tongue between rows of ragged

mountain teeth. At Suez there was nothing but the canal for the boat, so we left the town for an overland ride through the promised land of Goshen to Cairo. Once these fields flowed with milk and honey, but they must have gone dry, for no such refreshment was served with our train lunch.

EGYPT AGAIN

What a Sphynx is Egypt! Historically, this grandmother of arts rocked the cradle of Greek and Roman beauty; biographically, she kept open house for Pharaoh, Moses and Joseph, and made a great spread; sentimentally, she gave Antony and Cleopatra the time of their lives when they climbed the Pyramids, made dates under the palms and took Nile excursions that Coney Island can't duplicate; mentally, she taught her family how to wrangle philosophically and see stars; carve ugly statues and pile up quarries of rocks; religiously, she sent her boys and girls to church to hear the priests hand out esoteric sermons and then when the listeners were dead she gave them a big funeral, wrapped up their bodies and stood them in a corner to be cussed and discussed a million years hence.

The auto's honk has drowned out the Muezzin's cry. You motor to the Pyramids, take a Martini before you climb on and crawl in them; stand up by the Sphynx with a cigaret in your mouth and have your picture taken; straddle a dromedary and race like a Shriner across the hot sands to the tombs of the bulls; mount the step pyramid of Sakkarah; cross the fertile Nile valley; bump your shins against the stone ruins of Memphis,

return Rameses' stony stare and then have your reveries broken by the whistle of the engine that is to whirl you from Badrashein to Cairo.

There is an Arab proverb that the Chinese are gifted with hand, the Hindu with brain, but the Arab is cunning with his tongue, and my guide proved it true. He spoke five languages from the time I left the pyramids, when he hung to the tail of my dromedary and urged him on in the race, until we stopped at the rest-house, ate a picnic lunch and drank cool water filtered through the sands. From start to finish he begged for "back-sheesh," asking if I had had a good time. I replied he had been a good guide, to which he said: "Then, Sir, I would enjoy something from your hand." Reminding him I had given him a tip at Sakkarah, he said, "Oh, that was for the dromedary, Sir. We want to make a strong, fine animal of him." I gave him something, although I thought his nerve was strong enough for both.

I found Egypt more interesting than when I visited it in 1900 and wrote my "Tracks of a Tenderfoot" impressions. I didn't know whether I would come again or, if I did, be able to say any more, but Egypt is a field of endless discovery and, whether your name is Micawber or Marietta, you won't have to wait long for something to "turn up."

Thebes had beer signs on her seven gates; Edison had wired the tombs of the kings and thrown light on dark subjects; Kurnah runs a scarab factory for the tourist trade or will furnish you with an antique hand or foot for your home museum. It was here that L. and "Coldslaw" decided to make purchases, but the Doc



DAMAGED GOODS



lost his railroad ticket and had to dig up for another and L. was robbed by a black-whiskered prophet.

About the only thing that hasn't changed is the dirt on the people. It was the same I had seen years before, only more. Perhaps the damned waters of the Nile, which have just washed Pharaoh's bed at Philae after the sleep of centuries, will be enough to clean them up.

Of course, dear reader, I visited the identical bulrush spot (more bull than rush), where infant Moses was found; crawled into the old cave Coptic church, where the holy family had a refuge; sheltered myself in the shade of the Virgin's tree; drank of the sacred well and acted just as an orthodox visitor should to his guide for fear I might forget myself and call him liar and faker.

Sunday night I went to Heliopolis, the city of the sun, and wished the obelisk could break its stony lips of silence and tell me of Moses and the other wise men who used to meet there and what it now thought of the big hotel, street of shops, and the noisy crowds near by.

Early one morning I bribed the caretaker of the Ghizeh museum to let me see the Village Taskmaster, whose wooden face resembles mine, and to stand before the Pharaoh of the Exodus, the original Jew-baiter and hater who wouldn't let Israel go. There lay the crafty, white-toothed, hook-nosed, red-headed rascal, who was so vain that he not only wanted his life described on obelisks and kept in pyramid memorial but desired most of all that his five-sensed gated body, through

which his soul had passed, should be kept in repair. I wanted to ask him a few questions, but knew he was in no mood for reply, so I left him embalmed in rags and silence.

The Egyptians lived, died and were embalmed. The biggest ceremony of a man's life was his funeral. Today we have live dead ones embalmed by self and unburied; mummies royal and plebeian, dead and rotten at heart, though robed in purple and fine linen, who would not be fit as fuel for Mark Twain's engineer on the Egyptian railroad.

A hot time is always appropriate to Cairo. On the street, at the Fish Market and in cafe chantant one finds men smoking and drinking with gaily decked and painted dames, or listening to performers on the stage playing instruments, while others sing and dance in a way that makes it unnecessary to attend the gymnasium.

To offset such vicious influences various Christian missions offer the gospel of the clean life. Sunday night I visited the mission and spoke in the chapel, whose walls had echoed to the preaching and teaching of my uncle. His old servant was so pleased that the next day he took me to the American cemetery in old Cairo, where rests his master, who after forty years' work rests with heaven's "Well done."

A TRUE LQVE STORY

Gulian Lansing was the name of this uncle, whose name I bear, and I have often heard him tell the romantic story of Bamba, his poor little pupil, who be-

came a princess by marrying Maharajah Dhulep Sing, son of the Lion of Lahore, whose warlike growls caused the British lion so many fights.

Dhulep was educated in England and, returning to India to bury his Hindu mother, visited the mission school. Here he fell in love at sight with the bright-eyed Bamba, she of the little feet. I know they were little, for one of her slippers has been on our parlor whatnot as long as I can remember.

On Dhulep's return to Cairo from the funeral he was married to Bamba according to ritual and took his bride to England, where he was very popular and stood high at court. Two daughters were born of this love match, but its glow soon went out and he claimed his right as an Indian prince to have as many flames as he wanted so long as he could pay the fire insurance.

The little mother and her two girls returned to the mission, their only home. My uncle felt that justice should be done and a divorce granted. In person he saw Queen Victoria, told the whole story and through her command the separation was allowed, and Dhulep made to sing another song. The strong hand of the law compelled him to hand over yearly hundreds of pounds for the support of Bamba and her children.

Dhulep was India when he wooed and Iceland when he wed. Bamba learned in the circle of a few years, "Oh! how many torments be in the small circle of a wedding ring."

A TOUGH TOWN

On our way to Port Said we rattled by the "wonderful" canal, whose history and cost the guide-books are

full of. To one who has seen the Panama ditch it looks like a little gutter, where guttersnipes sail boats after a rain.

Port Said is said to be the portal to Hell, but I didn't find it so. Perhaps I went in the morning before the Devil hadn't waked up from his last night's debauch. Five of us piled in a carriage and in as many different languages asked the driver to show us the bad, but he couldn't make good. Either there was a new mayor with a new lid or the wickedness of the place had been overestimated, or out of respect to the spirit of De Lesseps they were afraid his statue would step off its pedestal and put them all in jail.

THE BALL

The waves rolled, the ship rolled and the masked ball rolled round on the night before we reached Naples. Paper costumes were furnished for all who were to take part. They were various and striking, but the most complete change affected was that of Doctor "Cold Slaw," who appeared in a clean collar, a bosom shirt attached, and a pair of shined shoes. This doesn't seem much, but the weather was warm.

I had been too busy to dress and when I came on deck Officer Kruse said, "Oh, doctor, I am disappointed; this is the first time you failed me." I replied, "Because my costume is in your cabin." "Go and put it on," he said. I hurried to his room, donned his cap, coat and buttons and was surprised to find how much I resembled him, though he had a mustache and goatee. This was easily remedied, for I went down

to my state room and had Mrs. M. mark my lips and chin with charcoal. As I came up the stairway the stewards saluted me, and when I met Officer Kruse he placed his hand to his cap and said, "When we reach Hamburg the music room must have some repairing and decoration done." "All right," I replied, and because I couldn't dance with the pretty girls as he did, for I have a Baptist foot, I ordered the band to play for him to lead off. This he promptly did, for my genial German friend loved to divide his time between the duties and beauties of the boat.

OLD LANDMARKS

After the ball was over there was time to rest and pack in spite of the proverb, "There is no rest for the wicked."

At school I learned that Aetna was an inveterate smoker, but when I saw him his pipe was out and he was simply taking a chew.

Messina seemed to be in bad straits. It couldn't have looked much worse after the quake and fire and I wondered who got away with the wad some of us had raised for the sufferers.

Scylla and Charybdis were the two bogies of my classic days, but were very tame when we passed through them. The blind bard of Scio's rocky isle must have been seeing things or writing a yellow story for the gods in the Harper's Weekly. Hugo thought history was occasionally immoral, while legend always tended to virtue. These sister rocks have passed into a moral proverb, "Shun Scylla and fall into Charybdis."

NAUGHTY NAPLES

At last the land of Dante and chianti welcomed us. Dr. Johnson said the man who hadn't been to Italy was always conscious of inferiority, but I felt superior because I had been there before. I was dying to see Naples again and, bidding the Cleveland crew and cruisers good-bye, stepped ashore and was directed to a hotel by a policeman in tights and cockade, who looked like a second edition of Napoleon. Here we hired a guide for four days and nights and showed him the town. He ordered wine for breakfast, dinner and supper, got sick at the Blue Grotto and played out before he reached Barbarossa castle.

At Sorrento, the house where Tasso was born has been changed into a hotel. The walls within are all scribbled over with poor writing and caricature that must make the pious poet lament and pray for another deliverance. Really the guide was unnecessary, but I made the most of him while I had him. At 3 a. m. I hauled him out to Baie, the ancient Roman Newport; took him to Lake Avernus and felt like pushing him down the easy hell descent; called at the Sibyl's cave and only received the echo of my voice for answer.

I burned my fingers in the Solfatera volcano till I could sing the scales like Caruso, and looked into the deadly dog grotto, where the sulphur air puts out the light of a match or the life of some poor Fido, who is sacrificed for the tourist's love of science and pleasure. I had no dog and wanted to try it on the guide, but he yelled, "Cave canem," and ran away.

Of more interest than church, park and palace is the museum. I saw all and some things that all don't see. I guess that the evil communications with Pompeii by day corrupt the good manners of some of the mirror dancers by night.

Pompeii is a live city and not dead; its streets are not deserted but noisy with mad tourists led by crazy guides. The town grows instructive with every click of the spade, and will always be popular with the blasé sightseer. They had just discovered some new cafes and dives with the names of owners and patrons, thus teaching us to be careful where we go and how we register. Next to the carvings of the beastly Benares gods who felt complimented with their outlined sins, are some of the pictures on Pompeian walls. I think the devil came with brush and red paint fresh from hell and painted some of the scenes he had witnessed there.

Vesuvius was passed up, for its jaws of death and mouth of hell climb were not forgotten, but L. took my place and came back with the report that his nag spent as much time trying to throw him off as it did to climb up.

A ROMAN BANQUET

Our Roman feast was spoiled by Cook, so that it was not a howling success. The guide always starts late after breakfast, then hurries you back to lunch and dinner, though you haven't seen half the sights billed on the itinerary. Of course, a meal is the main thing with a Cook. On the fourth day he drove us to some of the

places we had taken in the first day. This resulted in a wordy row at the Pantheon between L. and him until this bandit wanted the police to arrest him, but they knew a Cookie when they saw him and didn't. The guide turned to Mrs. M. and said, "Ze young American tinks he know it all—I am ze guide. You know him?" "Yes, he's my son." "Ah, zat is too bad." Moral: Don't use Cook in Rome unless you want to be cheated out of your bill of fare.

One day, when the Pope blessed rosaries, we went to the little shop by the fountain and bought them by the dozen as souvenirs. Our names were left and we were to call the next day, but we were with another party and the little packet was done up with only my card tied to it. I slipped it in my pocket and never opened it till reaching the hotel that night, when I discovered it contained all the rosaries and that we were leaving town and could not find the owners. Some disappointed purchaser must be singing Neven's "Rosary," "Oh, memories that bless and burn—Oh, barren gain and bitter loss."

I prayed in St. Peter's, orated in the Forum, rubbered in art galleries, rattled against bones of saints in cloisters and anointed my clothes with candle grease in the catacombs; motored along the Appian way; groped through dry Caracalla baths; made my face sloppy at the graves of Shelley and Keats; splashed in public fountains; climbed Rome's seven or fourteen hills; gave three cheers at Garibaldi's statue with its Masonic emblems; photoed the new Victor Emmanuel monument; trolleyed by triumphal arches and watched

the workmen rebuild the broken arches of the Coliseum. Augustus found Rome brick and left it marble. I found Rome wasn't built in a day, and after days of hard work left it feeling like some of its ruins.

FLORENCE FLIRTATIONS

I saw fair Florence, but my wife was with me and I didn't stay very long. So I got a fast rig, for this is an art city and "art is long and time is fleeting." The Loggia statues were a little dirtier than usual; Titian's Venuses wore no more clothes; Angelo's David had a reset arm and was in good fighting trim; Ghiberti's gates of Paradise were shut, but the Arno river was open, and there are no rivers like it when you think of the city by its banks, art-bridge over it, odd boats on it and the inspiration of hill and plain around it. Had you been along with me you would have seen the stone where Savonarola was burned, the place where Angelo found the block of marble for David, the trysting place where George Eliot and Browning mused, and the stone where Dante sat to see Beatrice go by and make a date to meet her at choir practice the following Saturday night.

The afternoon walk along the river bank and drive up the hillside are beautiful, but the evening visit to the little Protestant cemetery was sweetest and best of all, as the setting sun glorified the graves of Mrs. Browning and Landor. Here for them, as for all tired humanity, we pray with Sterne that Death may give our enemies the slip forever, open the gate of fame and shut the gate of envy after it.

At the close of a busy day and just before the train left we remembered Donatello's lion caged in a queer-looking building. The place closed in fifteen minutes, but we flew there and paid the price of an all day admission to the surprise of the guard. There were many art objects, but the big thing in the show was the funny-shaped lion that crawled out of Donatello's artist brain years after the night when as a little boy he had sneaked in under the circus tent.

I used to work on a farm and knew cheese from the time we milked the cows, strained the milk, let it thicken or curdle into fresh or harden into Dutch cheese. To this boyish information I had added the knowledge of Swiss, limburger and other choice varieties of cheese in later years, but the advanced stage of its composition or decomposition was reached in Florence, where I asked the waiter for some of his best cheese. He brought something in under cover, I lifted it and if I hadn't been stronger than the cheese and stabbed it with a fork and held it until the waiter carried it away it might have crawled off the plate and done me personal violence. Shades of the departed! It was another diet of worms.

A PEEP AT PISA

Pisa's leaning tower hadn't fallen yet. A former time I leaned over the top and swung like a pendulum between time and eternity. This time I tipped the bell-ringer, who let me pull the rope, and I'm sure the old pile tipped over half an inch. The Baptistry may not have a lean on the tower, but it was Sunday and I know

a lean and hungry mendicant, looking as fantastic as Malvolio, who got a lean on my purse as the price of kodaking him. Some of these beggars over here ought to be shot instead of canonized. The most interesting thing in the big church is the pendulum that swung Galileo beyond the stars, and more beautiful than the Baptistry is the heavenly echo that draws tears from your eyes and money from your pocket for the custodian. He strikes the notes and sings a few silver tones that come back in echoes from the city whose streets are gold.

The cemetery is called Campo Santo, because of holy ground brought from Jerusalem. I have been to Jerusalem and know it is a dirty place, but that its soil is sacred, that bodies planted in it will come up sooner and more beautiful than if buried in Missouri river mud or back lot ashes I doubt, though as a former resident of St. Louis I am open to conviction and willing to be shown. I found Pisa a bad place for amateur photography. One evening I met a young girl who complained that she had to tilt her kodak in order to get the tower straight.

CAMERA CURSE

If it isn't an Egotist it isn't a kodak.

A kodak is an infernal machine which a fiend carries around to shoot off. In Moscow I must have come under this head, for when I took a shot at the Kremlin an arm of the law grabbed me and the machine and tried to put me in the dark room of the local prison with the hope that since I loved travel I might be put over the road to Siberia. I was bald, smooth-shaven, well-fed and in

no way resembled the lean and hungry-looking Cassius, and have always wondered why I was classed with the long-haired, stubby-whiskered, wild-eyed assassins who light their pipes at burning cities and try to blow themselves by dynamiting the Czar. Yet before and since then, in addition to carrying weighty responsibilities and the added one of my heavy self with propriety away from church and home, I lugged a kodak and made a pack mule of myself.

A fool and his money are soon parted, because a good camera-lens is expensive, and to this you add films, developments and prints. When you think you have an interesting object some one bobs up and says, "Take me." The roll always runs out when you have a chance to take the best picture or the authorities prohibit you, till hunting for subjects you grow desperate and make a shot that develops a "likeness" you might fall down and worship, since there is nothing like it in the heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters under the earth.

The amateur kodakist, like the heathen he tries to get a picture of, is a law unto himself. He will wake a native asleep, or stop him awake; snap him, dressed or nude, bathing, shaving, or praying in the temple, and then go off without giving him a tip or a thank.

This fiend delights in exposing the elderly woman asleep in her steamer-chair with mouth wide open as the hatchway; the apoplectic-faced merchant who advertises his wealth by a diamond on shirt-front and a carbuncle on his nose; the happy Newlyweds or quarreling lovers; or the adventurous suitor who gives his arm or steals a kiss; giddy girls who carelessly climb the hurri-

cane deck; staid people who rush for tea and crackers, and after a few rolls of the ship, which they could not digest, rush to the rail believing after all it is more blessed to give than to receive.

On land he prides himself on taking poor pictures of what professional photographers have artistically made, and with haste, ignorance, over or under exposure makes a blonde look like an African belle or a sooty stoker like a pale-faced student.

The kodak is a fool's paradise. It is a moral nuisance that makes a man profane, untruthful, boastful and so conceited that even Rembrandt's hat wouldn't fit his head. He asks you to "look pleasant," and although he smiles, you remember one may do that and be a villain meditating treasons, stratagems and spoils. Perhaps it is only a question of time when his face will be the most prominent in some rogue's gallery.

Beware the camera Jabber Wock, who, like Satan in Job's day, goes to and fro over the earth among the sons and daughters of men.

If you want to have a good time abroad leave your kodak at home. It may require cheek to get dangerous or dainty pictures, to risk one that is risque, but he is the real hero who does not rely on his kodak for his impressions. If he has any pictures besides those hung on memory's walls they are those he bought in the shops, or as an Artful Dodger quietly took after a careful selection.

P. S.—I took fifteen hundred pictures on this trip and am responsible for many misrepresentations.

THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE

The Campanile and St. Marks glowed with a million electric lights as our gondola glided through the canals like a black snake. We were soon stabled near the four bronze horses and so near we could pat them. The square below was filled with people, not pigeons, coming and going in gala dress; Bengal lights blazed like infernal torches; soldiers were practicing the arts of love and not war; everybody was happy except the caterers who had run out of cakes and ices; the bands were blowing themselves to prove that nonsense is easily set to music. It was the carnival of Venice and her chivalry and beauty had gathered to celebrate the completion of the new Campanile, the old one having been knocked down and out by former visits of heavy weights, my own of two hundred pounds included. At the stroke of twelve the little iron man came out of the clock with a hammer and gave a knock that meant good night for the long-continued celebration. Suddenly all lights went out, a big Bengal glare shot from the Campanile and the crowds vanished. The full-faced moon looked down on the empty scene and up there my lucky star was shining, for had I come a day later all this would have been missed.

Next day the carnival was over, but no one ever had a dry time in Venice. You may sail with the gay gondolier, uncover and plunge in the Liddo; be soaked by the guide when visiting galleries, prisons and palaces, or chug by steam-launch to the Rialto, where thieves most do congregate to get big prices for small souvenirs. But

it is worth all it costs to be in the city of the sea with its churches and paintings; to visit Titian's tomb; to cross the Bridge of Sighs, not so very big, and enter the dungeons with the guide, who cheerfully informs you how the poor victim was accused, tried by a council of ten to one against him, had his throat cut, was put in a bag, pushed through a hole in the wall, carried out to the deep and dumped. This guide combined the low comedy of broken English with the high tragedy of drawing his hand across his throat to describe the deep deviltry of the Doges.

But Venice can't be described until you visit it, and then it is indescribable. Ruskin gives us the Stones of Venice; Turner its sun, sky and sea; Shakespeare, Rogers and Byron its poetry and tragedy, and Nevens its music, but these gifted men have not exhausted the city's charm. One thing has been overlooked, though I am not equal to its description. I refer to the smells that rise far above the concert pitch of the sentimental serenader and linger long in one's nose and memory.

"THE LAST SUPPER"

Milan is the Paris of Italy. We arrived at midnight and it was difficult to believe that the two masterpieces of Christian art and architecture, "The Last Supper" and the great Cathedral, had so little moral influence on the inhabitants. Things looked brighter next morning, and after an early drive to the end of the Napoleon arch and amphitheatre, where they start the war balloons, we stopped at the church refectory of "The Last Supper."

But it was only nine o'clock, and though we banged the door the custodian was unwilling to open up until he had breakfasted on all the macaroni necessary to brace him for the police duty of guarding the picture on the wall from being cut out in slabs by souvenir vandals worse than Napoleon's horses which once were stabled here and chewed off the legs of the table and apostles.

I never tire of the wonderful picture and its lesson, or cease to marvel at Da Vinci, the artist, who pushed ahead in so many different ways and helped us do the same by inventing the wheelbarrow. The poor know little of art, and it has been said that art should never try to be popular, but Da Vinci would be the most popular artist in the world if the many who wheel a barrow knew the name of its inventor.

Milan was hot, but its cathedral was "frozen music," and I kept cool by staying below while L. climbed the biggest of its icicle towers, where a profane party was having a communion picnic lunch of bread and wine. He had a view of the Jungfrau for his trouble, while I was troubled with the old frau, who insisted on buying a cameo breastpin at the very doors of the cathedral.

SWISS CITIES

Beyond Italy lie the Alps. Napoleon crossed them in snow and we in the rain. You see the time was out of joint and the granite hills were mist. Nature often seems modest and veils her beauty from the ubiquitous tourist, for whom an ugly hotel or pension annex has been built on every hill and by every pretty lake.

Goldsmith said the volume of nature was the book of knowledge, but to many visitors Switzerland is a "Three Weeks" romance that doesn't look well in print. However, the country is not to be judged by its transient marauders and mountain climbers, but by its cities with their liberty-loving and God-fearing inhabitants.

Geneva—town and lake—were the one time haunts of such great spirits as Calvin, Gibbon, Rousseau, Byron, Shelley and Voltaire. They are gone and their places are filled with gamblers, guzzlers, globe trotters, giddy gadabouts and grizzly-faced socialists, who make this part of the world's stage a continuous vaudeville.

If you want a good time you may come here and buy a Swiss watch that you can fasten on your wrist with a harness strap, or a noisy cuckoo clock that will wake you up before your neighbor's rooster. The clergyman sees John Calvin's pulpit, the sceptic Rousseau's island, the desponding the arrowy Rhone, the sports the carrousel, while the artist may look at distant Mount Blanc that Byron called the monarch of mountains, on a throne of rocks, with robe of cloud and diadem of snow, but which looked more like a little bald-headed dictator compared with the grand Moguls of the Himalayas.

The boat ride over the lake filled our souls with scenery, and at Vevey we loaded our stomachs with milk chocolate that makes my mouth water.

Chillon's castle has made Montreux famous. Byron chained Bonnivard to its dungeon pillar in his poem, and has sent a swarm of sentimentalists to snivel over some sorrow that never existed. We went there just for fun and to be photographed chained to the column. The

castle is inspiring; it pays to keep up the legend, so old stones are replaced with new ones, the walls carefully whitewashed and everything made ready for the next season's credulous crowd.

Interlaken is more interesting to approach and leave than to remain in. Still if you get off the noisy thoroughfare with the big hotels and go back to the old town with narrow streets, clock-spire, overtopping hill and rushing water you can get a view of the Jungfrau on a sunlit morning or moonlit night that will make you feel happy, even though you wear no headlight diamonds, play no roulette and know your hotel bill costs as much a day as it should a week.

If I could visit but one city in Switzerland it would be Lucerne. Life sports on the promenade; death dances on the pictured rafters of the old bridge; the player strikes the lip of the church organ until it tells the shine and storm of shepherd life; stone marbles are in the pockets where the glaciers rolled them, and the Thorwaldsen lion, though stone dead, guards the lilies of France. If this doesn't please you and you aren't afraid of breaking your neck, you may climb the Rigi Kulm or Pilatus, sail the lovely lake and stop at Tell's chapel and recall the brave man who gave Gessler the slip, telling him that if he had shot his innocent boy and not the apple, he had another arrow up his sleeve which he intended to put through him, using his Adam's apple as a target.

Last but not least was Zurich with factory, museum, park and cozy inn, where one could drink delicious milk, eat the sweetest of chocolate and get cheese filled

with large airy rooms. But I was hurrying home and fighting the inn idea one meets not only in Epictetus, but here and all through life. "It is as if," he says, "a man journeying home and finding a nice inn on the road and liking it, were to stay forever at the inn; man, thou hast forgotten thy object; thy journey was not to this but through this—to get home, to do your duty to your family, friends and fellow countrymen." So I took the schnelle Zug and left for Germany, the land of beer and Beethoven, philosophy and pipes.

"MADE IN GERMANY"

One sees so many useless churches in Italy that when he gets to Germany he says with Omar Khayyam, "Let us make up in the tavern what we have wasted in the mosque."

Munich is the German Milwaukee and the high-brow and low-brow go to the Hofbrau that has made her famous. Here King Gambrinus rules and thousands drink his health in the dark-colored, high-collared fluid. They come in singles and pairs, sometimes peaches, and whole families spend the evening over big steins which they have selected according to the size, ornament or sentiment on the sides. The wall mottoes suggest cheer, and from cellar with poor laborer to upper floor with banker or thinker everybody eats, laughs, smokes, sings and tells stories. It is said to be very good beer. I suppose it is, or so many would not drink so much, but as often as I went there, and it was several times to see the crowd, I failed to see anyone full, though that wasn't because they couldn't get enough.

The city was in holiday attire, looked nice and behaved well. All of us entered into the Teuton spirit, listening to bands that played real instead of ragtime music even in restaurants. It has art galleries Old and New, and I remember one of them, because it is about the only one in Europe I was lucky enough to get in on a free day.

The Muenchner can be original or imitate when he tries. He takes a little outing, comes home and builds Paris arches, Greek temples, Florentine loggias, Venetian clocks and flag-poles and New York statues. It may shock one who has seen the originals, making him feel they are out of place, but it informs and cultivates the taste of the stay-at-home and is the sincerest form of flattery to the arts and countries he has imitated. Here's a Hofbrau "prosit" to all my Munich friends.

INQUISITION MEMORIES

Once upon a time Nuremburg was the quaint old town where Santa Claus made his cakes and toys. Perhaps he does now, but I couldn't find the place, for the big factory chimneys were telling a different story. The rubberneck wagon bounced us over narrow cobbled streets, across little bridges and beside the big walls. We three had the German spieler all to ourselves, and he did try to make us understand all about the big church with curious carvings, the Gooseboy fountain and the shop and house of the poet Hans Sachs and Albrecht Durer. He earned his money, and when we stopped at the historic kraut and sausage shop I filled him and his glass to overflowing.

I preferred to get a drink if possible from the deep well outside the old castle. It was Sunday and the Fraulein wouldn't sell me postcards, but I gave her a silver mark and a few side remarks and she handed me the cards as a mark of affection. The castle walls speak horrible cruelty and its corridor pictures make Dante's hell a Sunday school picnic in comparison. Here are the spiked Iron Virgin and other burning, tearing, piercing, stretching, crushing tools of torture that were used by religion to convert sinners from the error of their ways and transform heretics into the faithful followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

By his constitution, man is defined as a "religious animal." These castle tools look more animal than religious. The trouble has always been, as Swift says, "We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another."

OLD HEIDELBERG

Heidelberg is a university town where I learned that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." I speak a little German so well that when I asked about a train to the city I didn't understand all they said, jumped on a fast instead of a slow train and on my arrival was held up by a gold lace, button official, who demanded a "supplement," with a threat to confiscate my coupon ticket. I gave in and up, and was so provoked as to fluently use some German words that had lain idle in my mind ever since I was a bad little boy in a private German school, because I had been excluded from the American public school. In Europe the

government controls the trains, though owned by a private corporation. In the United States we control the government and curse the corporations.

"Old Heidelberg, Old Heidelberg," is the jolly song of that rocky old place beloved by so many students, whose diploma is a sword-scarred, smoke-clouded, beer-colored face. From historic churches and buildings we climbed to the famous castle. The lady guide had a German party, but generously included us, and I was just as generous. Perhaps the most awful and awesome thing here is the big ale cask, full once in its history but not of late. Then it was like a beer reservoir and the servant went to the master for the drink. Now the German feels he is his own master and beer is piped as freely as if it were water.

We did full justice to the noble ruins so well known in history, song and story. It is beautiful for situation, and the sight of the Rhine and valley far beneath and away thrills the heart of every true Fatherland son. I have a good German friend in Minneapolis, Fritz W--, who was a student here. He never quite forgave me because I had been to Germany without visiting his city. This time I sent him a postcard of the castle and tun of beer. He welcomed me on my return, spoke of the card and was happy because I liked his dear Heidelberg. Imagine my surprise the next day on returning from a funeral to find a case of "Schlitz" on my front porch, which a beer wagon had left in full view of my horrified temperance neighbors in spite of the servant's protest that I didn't drink and hadn't ordered it.

GOETHE'S HOME

Frankfort is famous. It divides honors as the birthplace of the glorious Goethe and a greasy sausage. Of the two, the latter perhaps is the more popular, but tastes differ.

Frankfort-on, or in, the-Main is quaint and aristocratic, like our Philadelphia. There are solid buildings and splendid parks. Art is not wanting, and if you want a form of it you have only to visit the "Pink Lady" Ariadne, she of the marble heart, who seems to blush when you turn her around and put her in the light. At the same time it is a town of high-thinking and ideals, and since Goethe's death Zepplin has risen farther than anyone else. I say this without fear of denial, because one morning at the town square I heard a strange whirring noise and, looking up over the hall, saw a blackbird big as a building. It was the airship, and I was sorry that I didn't have an extra fifty dollars for a two hours sail from Frankfort to Cologne.

See the printer Gutenberg's statue, but don't fail to visit the house of Goethe, the writer. I had to go twice before I got in, but it was worth while. The building isn't big or fine, but oh my, it's interesting as Shakespeare's house at Stratford. It was the family house, and as sacred to the porter housekeeper as anything in Palestine. He showed the room of Goethe's birth, the play-room with crude feminine silhouettes that showed his early love for girls; his study and bedroom and the little back door through which the wayward genius slipped in and out nights when the good

parents were snoring and dreaming he was asleep, and the books whose contents he had tasted, chewed, swallowed and digested. Happy man to die before some German books were printed that would have put his teeth on edge and given him stomach ache; ponderous pedantic books with no new facts, only leaden fancy; books that one fears to pick up, falteringly reads and lays down with fatigue.

Goethe was handsome and his bump of genius well developed, but he looked cross-eyed at several of the Ten Commandments, limped where he should have walked upright, and knew Byron well enough to do him justice.

A RIDE ON THE RHINE

About the only water a true German likes is the Rhine, and that simply for commercial and bath purposes. When he visits the Rhine he exchanges beer for wine. The proper thing to do on boarding your boat is to make a grand rush for a table, order a bottle of wine, then talk and smoke. We thought it would be nice to eat on deck when passing historic points. So I ordered Rhine wine, brown bread and cheese and bologna sausage, but with an English accent, and the waiter returned with tea, white bread and cold beef. I protested; he was in despair, almost tears, and, turning to Mrs. M., said, "You no drink the tea?" His acting was too much. He had touched her heart and she replied, "Yes, I'll drink the tea." He replied, "Das is besser." That's always the way at home or

abroad. Touch a wife's heart and the next thing touched is her husband's pocketbook.

No drink or drug is necessary to put the traveler in a happy state of mind. Sky, air, hills, castles, vineyards, nestling cities, boats loaded to the water's edge give material for prosy thought, while volumes of poems you have read or can buy fill you full of sentiment.

The Rhine is not as big, beautiful or busy as many other rivers, still it has its own peculiar charms. Every ratty tower has a tale; each hill is soaked with the blood of the grape or some old dragon or warrior; bats and owls are startled from ivy ruins by the rushing train, and at dusk, if you are very watchful and have a strong glass, you can see some old knights sneak through the woods to meet and make love to old ladies virtuous, wise or otherwise. The banks are overgrown with bare-faced legends old enough to wear whiskers.

On yonder Wartburg hill dare-devil Luther was imprisoned by friends against the attacks of a mad Papal bull; now appears fair Bingen, the birthplace of the soldier who lay dying in Algiers, an event told in a poem that has been equally fatal to the many that have heard it; women climb a chair to get a good view of the mouse-tower; doctors of divinity gaze fondly at the Lorelei sisters, whose sensuous forms and siren voices had lured so many simple sailors to death.

There are cities of celebrities, forests and fortifications that lend charm to the Rhine and up on the hill-side rises the colossal statue of Germania. When I saw the big Goddess, keeping "Die Wacht am Rhine,"

I stood on a bench, waved my Old Glory flag and gave a dry toast, to which my German friends responded with some wet ones.

Amiel said the Germans oppressed instead of kindled his spirits. If he wanted "Wine fully made, wine which would sparkle in the glass," he should have been with us.

NOISOME COLOGNE

The first view of Cologne was thrilling. I saw the cathedral spires in the distance and Zeppelin's airship between them like a bologna on a two-tine fork. If the refined reader thinks I resemble "Hal" with "the most unsavory similes" let him send for a bottle of eau de Cologne water made and sold just opposite the cathedral. It would take almost as much time to tell the history of this church as it did to build it and we must hurry. It is a mountain of stone, one climb was enough for me.

The bells of the city are as noisome as its smells. We were waked up very early by a big clang that was echoed by little clangings from a dozen spires. Cui bono this infernal racket that breaks the stillness of early hours and ding-dong-dangs good people into despair, while it drives the bad ones into telling the church to go to a place it pretends to keep people out of?

The Colnerinos are not only proud of their church and city, but delight in the ghastly chapel of St. Urselin, filled with the skulls of hundreds of virgins. The attendant showed us female Yoricks of many sizes and shapes piled, propped, pushed, packed and placed in all the Euclid forms imaginable. You know the story of the

slaughter of these innocents. It makes Blue Beard a back number. My first thought was these girls had been driven to suicide by the sleep-murdering bells I had already heard.

After we came out of this martyr morgue two boys approached us, saying: "Do you speak English? Want a cab, sir? Give me a penny." And Mrs. M. laughed and said she had overheard them practicing these same questions on each other during our absence. They had earned the penny and I paid it for their little English dialogue. English is bound to be the universal language, for we American English-speaking people are too lazy to learn other languages. Foreigners must learn ours and I want to encourage them.

Grand opera was in season and we went to hear the "Troubadour," something new, we thought, but met our old friend "Il Trovatore." Still it was a novelty to find the audience adjourning between acts to side corridors for beer, salad and sandwiches. We remained through the prison scene and then made way for liberty to get our train. All that night the coach wheels played the anvil chorus on the rails as I sighed to rest me.

HAMBURG

At Hamburg we prodigals returned to our ship home, the "Cleveland," that was to complete the globe circuit and land us at New York. Before it sailed we did the old steak town brown, glancing at the mediocre art gallery and seeing Hagenbach's happy animal family. Beethoven's "Fidelio" was to be performed at the opera

house for somebody's benefit, not ours, for we tried to buy and bribe the doorkeeper on every floor, but without success. To think these people could hear such music at any time for little or nothing and we strangers, who were willing to pay the price of a box seat, for standing room in the gallery of the gods, had our money refused and were turned away. I think if it had been anywhere else I might have managed to get in.

One man's loss is another man's gain, and what wasn't spent for tickets was used in tips.

THE TIPPING HABIT

Johnson told Boswell that nothing had been contrived by man that produced so much happiness as a good tavern or inn. But it may be unhappiness when a man stays there instead of going home at night, while abroad it is often a torture-chamber, where you take little "ease" unless you tip right and left, giving halves for poor quarters.

In Pickwick's time it was "Half a crown in the bill if you look at the waiter," now it's little on your plate if you don't, and that little is something where indigestion waits on appetite and sickness on both. You pay the house and the house is supposed to pay the waiter. The supposition is contrary to fact; you pay both waiters and house. They demand and you deliver. The more you give the more they want. You are not stingy, perhaps not rich and can't afford the hold-up, yet there you are and wish you weren't.

The tip-fear keeps some good folks home, embarrasses

the traveler and is a relic of barbarism, when the slave received a tip instead of a wage. It ought to be abolished. If you want to give a Christmas gift do it, but the waiter who makes you wait for service and then insultingly appears afterwards is a nuisance.

Colly Cibber said: "In all the necessaries of life there is not a greater plague than servants." We often believe he told the truth and that Swift's satiric advice to servants should be posted up in every hotel.

If you are old enough to travel you are big enough to wait on yourself, and most sensible people want to, but these parasites treat you like a baby, wake you up, insist on a bath, want to brush your shoes and coat and dress you; bring you a lot of what you can't eat at the table, empty soup down your neck or spread preserves on the back of your chair; step on your toes, fix your room so you can't find your things; run away with your handbag and umbrella, then scrape, frown and line up when you leave the hotel expecting you will pay them liberally for what you did not want them to do and for what the hotel paid them to do but they have left undone.

I frequently felt when they stood with open hand looking for tips that I would like to turn their faces to the wall and give them a kick on the southwest corner of their pants instead of a coin for their pocket.

I'm no tightwad, but free with my money as a sailor on shore and just as "tipsy."

Hamburg is a live business town and the German has a head for business as well as war. "Made in Germany" is no joke, but stands for the goods. I never use the word business without thinking of Stevenson's estimate,

"A modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life; he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits."

The Germans have a great country and are a great people. Intelligent and practical they possess many pleasant and peculiar characteristics. Until I visit the Fatherland again, "Aufwiedersehn."

HOMEWARD BOUND

At Cuxhaven we rejoined the "Cleveland." Anybody who would be dissatisfied with the treatment she had given us would doubtless find something to grumble at in heaven if he were so unfortunate as to land there. We sailed so far South to avoid the "Titanic" icebergs that we might have hit a chunk of Antarctic snow, but happily avoided both.

When the "Titanic" went down the "White Star" became the black "Wormwood star of Revelation"; and the name of the star is called wormwood, and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters because they were made bitter."

This was no "mysterious Providence" of God, but the murderous work of man prompted by the hell of haste. So racing with death, in spite of floating ice and repeated warning of icebergs from other vessels, the "Titanic" struck hard on death and made "sharp lightning"; seeking the blue ribbon she was rewarded with a piece of black crepe.

Over the haunted spot where the "Titanic" sank, the

shroudless dead arise and with voice sadder than waves chanting their requiem cry out, "Thou shalt not kill."

"O rest ye brother mariners we will not wander more" was the way we felt when Bartholdi's big statue beckoned us from the Old to the New World. I wanted to take the liberty of giving her a hug, but compromised by throwing her a kiss.

We walked the plank with the gang and soon passed the baggage inquisition. I had made out a truthful James inventory and was not caught in any smuggler's lie. In truth my baggage contained nothing worth lying about, so I got off.

THE LAND OF PROMISE

When Socrates was asked his country he replied, "I am of the world." If living today it is a safe bet he would say, "I am an American," which means the same thing, because all the world is here or on the way.

In America we have room enough to turn around without having some one step on our heels or breathe in our face and say "Sorry."

Our natural resources are so great that the poor Lazarus of other nations may sit at the first table and give the crumbs to the dogs.

In scenery we have such sublime mountains, canyons, rivers, falls, forests and icebergs that Nature used what was left over to furnish Europe with a few resorts.

There are all kinds of climates. You may dress in furs, eat blubber and pick your teeth with icicles or slip on a banana peel, drink orangeade and be fanned with zephyrs.

In religion a man is free to choose a new faith every day if he does not use it as a club on his neighbor or as a burglar's jimmy on the public treasury.

Our public schools are the educational shop that turns out good citizens, though they have no titles or ten cents to their name.

Government is the great American game we all have a hand in. There are no kings and queens and the vote of the laboring man who has a heart and carries a spade counts just as much as the man with diamonds.

Breathes there a man this round world over who despairingly says "America is not my native land, I wish it was?" If such there be my hands are extended across the sea in loving welcome. Come over and be naturalized. True, you can't be the president, but you may become a ward politician or trust magnate.

HAPS AND MISHAPS

I have no respect for the American who goes abroad, waves the flag, yells his throat sore, pulls the feathers out of the American eagle, boasts he is a citizen of the greatest nation the sun shines on for its room, resources, religion, education and government, and then when he lands picks Uncle Sam's pocket. If he has brought home goods which demand a duty, let him open his hand and pay his customary duty or shut up his unpatriotic mouth.

Everything goes in New York, and I found three things that I had wanted and could not find on the cruise. The first was a morning paper in English that

had United States news. I gave the newsie a dime for it and filled my head with sensible matter. The second thing was pie—the kind that mother used to make. I ordered six different kinds from the astonished waiter, and every one tasted better than the other. The third was a game of baseball at Polo Park, where Wagner came to bat and swatted the cover off the sphere.

For Auld Lang Syne we ran down to New Bedford, the once quiet old whaling port, now a noisy cotton mill city, and a few days later sailed up the Dutch Hudson, that beats the German Rhine. Out from Albany, at Lishas Kill, I preached in my mother's old church and was rewarded at night at her brother's house by being robbed of all the stickpin souvenirs I had bought for my friends. Evidently the thief didn't get much out of my poor sermon and decided to make up for it. The melancholy days are surely come when one may go round the world and never have a heathen steal a cent and then come to the state and capital of Tammany and be robbed.

The limited brought me to Chicago in time for the big G. O. P. show, where the elephant and bull moose were having a fight to the finish. I had a ringside seat and was photographed with all the professional politicians, so that when I reached home my pug face had already been discovered in the newspaper cuts. My friends knew I was nearby and came with the police and other city officials to welcome me to the best city in all the round world—Minneapolis. In a little while I was in my own home, and there's no place like it. To quote that eminent authority on home-life, Oliver

Wendell Holmes, "The world has a million roosts for a man but only one nest."

TRAVEL AND ITS BENEFITS

Before you travel you plead the need of rest and recreation; that it is a source of information; puts you in sympathy with the big world; broadens your toleration; makes new friends; gives you respect for good wherever you find it, and teaches you to avoid the bad.

So you raise the wind, set sail, come back with the cargo of fatigue, disgust, bigotry, enemies and may be worse off than when you went. Instead of learning a new language you have forgotten your own and talk in broken parrot sentences. You return loaded with hotel stickers, junk souvenirs, postcards, odd jewelry, ill-fitting clothes, a habit of saying, "When I was to Bombay," to which is added a wanderlust to go somewhere else next year. The feeling that makes a tramp a traveler is the same that makes a traveler a tramp; one is homeless, the other is often home less than he should be.

Travel makes a man of one and a monkey of another. You will be the same tramp abroad that you were here illustrating Milton's—

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

Look out for the latter, for the Devil is a globe-trotter from way back of Job's day.

Travel has its benefit, especially to the tourist agencies. Once you swallow the bait of their folders and you are caught. Their trains and boats almost annihilate time and space and your bank account. They don't travel for health and pleasure if you do, and often their ways and means make you sick and sad.

Travel benefits those you leave behind—some who fail to appreciate you, and wish you would go way off and die. A Roman thought it was a sweet and proper thing to die for his country. If an American isn't willing to make such a sacrifice, he can go and bury himself abroad and return at Easter, when the ball season begins.

I had such a good time that I want to repeat it. Perhaps I may, for after I had been home a few days I received a telegram from Mr. Vogelsang, manager of the Cleveland cruise, inviting me to accept the position of lecturer and pastor made vacant by the death of Dr. Hough.

The trip was a great benefit to me. Physically, sea, mountain and forest entered my weak frame so that I feel able to run the lawn-mower or shovel snow, if I can't get someone else to do it; intellectually, I can say, "Good-morning," "Give me some bread," "How much you charge?" and "Good-night" in a dozen different languages; spiritually, I believe there are some characters that resemble mine that have not yet attained perfection.

There is no college or seminary equal to the world, and it offers the biggest text-book. It means hard work

and study, expenditure of days and dollars, frequent annoyance and privation. The go-lightly-'round-the-globe traveler must not expect everything to be just as if he were at home, but learn to make himself at home wherever he goes. If he does not, he better save his money and buy a farm, work hard during the week, make a trip to town Saturday night, hear a circumlog lecture, go to a moving picture show, or buy the latest book of travel.

P. S. If the reader regrets his loss of time and money, let him smile when he thinks how much more of both this book has cost me.



Let

John Dough

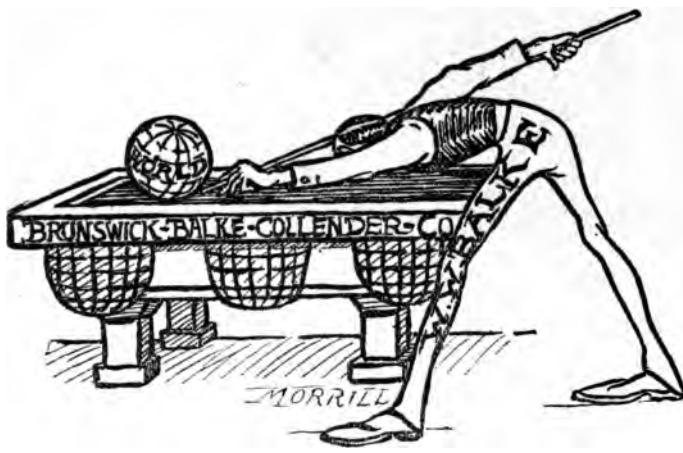
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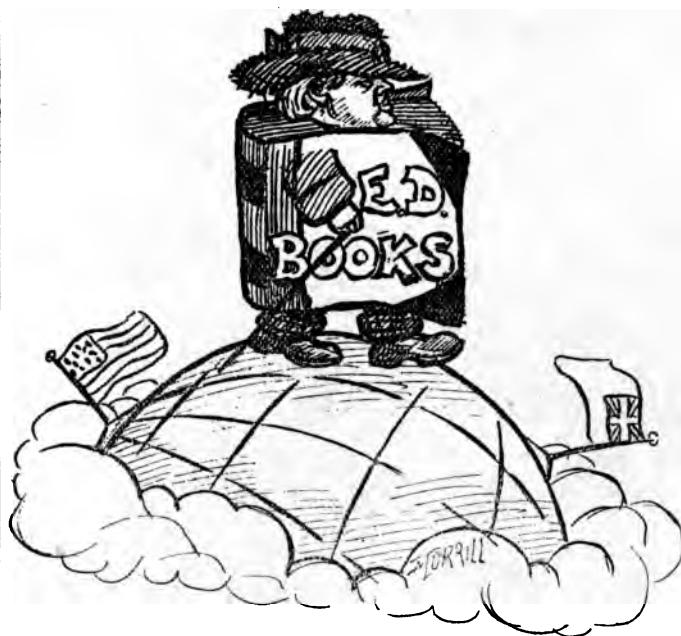


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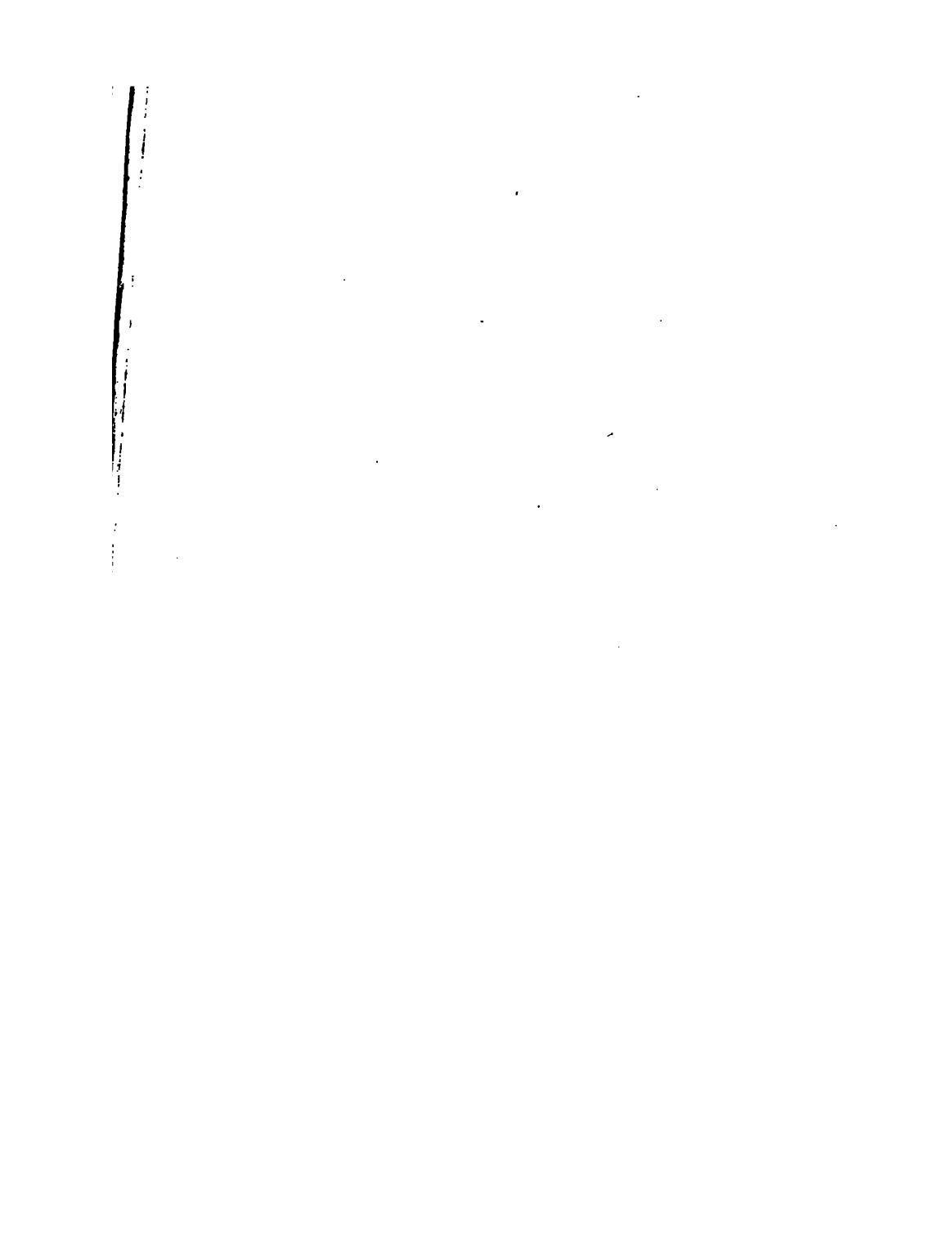
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